

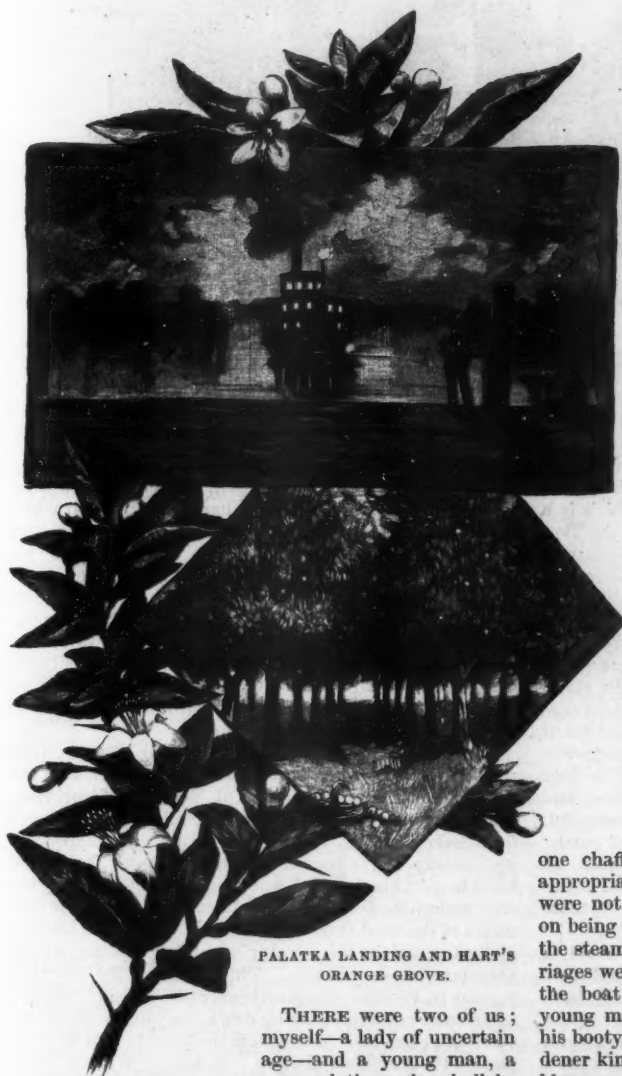
OUR CONTINENT

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FROM OCEAN TO GULF.



PALATKA LANDING AND HART'S ORANGE GROVE.

THERE were two of us; myself—a lady of uncertain age—and a young man, a near relative, who shall be written “W.” in these pages. We were on our way to Florida, to see with our own eyes what were the advantages offered by that state to emigrants from the North. Moreover, we were desirous of seeing something more of the state than that small northeastern section usually inspected by tourists. Of Jacksonville, St. Augustine,

Green Cove Springs and the Oklawaha river we had read in books and periodicals until we knew all about them. But we had heard—vaguely and indefinitely, it is true—that these were not the whole of Florida; and as we could find no narrative of any actual travel in the unknown and mysterious regions, we determined on a journey of discovery and adventure. Hence, one cool, moonlight night in March found us pilgrims and strangers in the city of Savannah, Georgia, the romantic night approach to which, through “leagues of tangled morass,” lingers like a dream in my memory.

The next morning we were in Jacksonville, Florida, and the morning following on our way up the St. John’s River, our first destination Palatka, seventy-five miles distant. I say nothing of Jacksonville nor of the lower St. John’s, because they have already been so frequently described by travelers. At Palatka we were advised to visit an orange packing house on the opposite side of the river, and, accordingly, on board the tiny steamer *Gem*, we crossed to Hart’s orange grove, our companion passenger being the business agent of a New York theatrical company which was to play at Palatka that night. How quickly one recognizes a New Yorker, wherever he is met! This one chaffed our young captain, a lad in his teens; appropriated the boy’s orange; asked if the passengers were not treated to champagne on the way over; and on being told that the grove was twenty feet away from the steamboat landing, expressed indignation that carriages were not provided to take the passengers from the boat to its entrance. Reaching the grove, this young man bought, begged and stole oranges, sharing his booty with us, his fortunate companions. The gardener kindly took us through the grove, picked orange-blossoms for us, and answered all our questions—which were many—regarding orange culture; for we two, at least, had come to learn as well as to be amused. Here we saw the oranges assorted according to size, by being allowed to roll down a trough with a gradually widening opening at the bottom, so that the different sizes dropped out into their respective receptacles. The fruit

was afterwards wrapped in tissue paper, packed in crates, and shipped to the North. Hart's grove consists of twenty acres, in fourteen of which the trees are just coming into bearing. On the remaining six the trees are forty-seven years old, and net their owner, we were told, the interest on a hundred thousand dollars.

The steamboat *Du Barry* left at midnight, and we went to our berths and to sleep. Morning found us on the upper St. John's, if a river can be said to have an "upper" which has scarcely a perceptible fall from source to mouth. The shores were but a few yards

there of live-oaks and palmettos, the river winding in the distance until the trees close in upon it again.

Skirting the edge of the prairie and approaching the wooded district, we stopped at a little wayside landing to



ON THE ST. JOHN'S

away on either hand, and were lined with live-oaks, magnolias and palmettos. I had formed an idea of Florida before setting out on my journey. Traveling through the pine barrens and scrub-oaks of Jersey and penetrating the dense thickets of its swamps and jungles, I had imagined that Florida was like these, only more so. I found the sand, certainly, which is a characteristic of some sections of Jersey, and the Bermuda grass, native alike of both States. There were also the level or slightly undulating plains, the streams without stones or cascades, and the swamps along the water-courses; but, for the rest, Florida is as unlike Jersey as possible.

In Florida the high pine lands are like immense parks. The yellow-pine trees, tall and stately, stand wide apart, so that a carriage may be driven anywhere between them. The sunlight falls through their scant foliage, and the ground, kept clear of undergrowth doubtless by annual burnings, is often level as a floor and covered only with tufts of Bermuda grass, and viewed from a distance looks green and beautiful. These woods afford a pasturage for herds of cattle, which are turned loose by their owners to pick up a living. The cedar swamps of Jersey have their counterpart in the "bays" of Florida, in which cypress with its bright green tint is a marked feature.

Perhaps there may be, somewhere in the world, a crookeder river than the Upper St. John's, but I have never seen it. It continually winds and curves back upon itself, at one time executing a perfect letter S, the dividing necks of land being no broader than the stream. Then, taking a wider sweep around a few acres with a log cabin and a young orange grove, it leaves its wooded banks behind and flows in a stately curve through a vast tract of prairie land, now green with the growth of six months since its last annual overflow. The landscape here is most lovely. In the foreground is the prairie, dotted with innumerable cattle, with clumps here and



PALMETTO AND SPANISH BATONET.

take on a passenger. A strong head-wind was blowing, and as the boat attempted to gain the centre of the river it took her broadside and blew her ashore. With wheel reversed she managed to get off, only to be blown ashore again further down stream. Again getting off, she varied the programme by fetching up on the other shore. This business continued until the boat had backed down stream about half a mile and lost fifteen or twenty minutes of time, thus giving me an opportunity to take a sketch of the scenery. We were nearing Lake Monroe and the end of our voyage, for Sanford is on the western shore of the lake, one hundred and ninety-eight miles from Jacksonville as the river runs.

Leaving Sanford at four o'clock on the narrow-gauge road which is building across the state to Tampa on the western coast, and which had, at the time of our visit, been completed to Kissimmee City, about forty miles south from Lake Monroe, we struck out into a desolate-looking country. For ten miles scrub black-oak, known in Florida as "black-jack," and saw palmettos were the only noticeable features in the landscape. Then the character of the land suddenly changed. We passed into the high pine region, the country beautifully rolling, with a little lake in every valley. This is one of the prettiest regions in Florida, and Northerners are already building cabins and cottages, cutting down the pines and setting out orange groves. Maitland is destined to be a favorite place with Northern visitors. So also is Winter Park, near by, which is laid out in small farms, and will be built up with handsome cottages and villas. Orlando too has, or thinks it has, a bright future.

A year ago it was a little hamlet of a few houses. The railroad has given the town a new impetus. A large hotel is building, and stores and residences are multiply-

ing rapidly. It is destined to be a town of considerable importance, the centre of a large fruit-growing region.

We found passable accommodations and good fare. The following day I devoted to rest, while W., with a newly-made traveling acquaintance, went out to explore the country. We were told by residents of the town that there was no government land to be had anywhere about, but our new acquaintance had provided himself with government land maps of four neighboring townships, which showed plenty of acres yet unclaimed. They set out on horseback immediately after breakfast, going westward, and did not return until the sun was down. During their absence I inspected a pine-apple garden, in which the fruit was doing well. I had made inquiries for vegetable gardens, and had discovered there was not one in Orlando, though I was told that all kinds of vegetables would grow well in the soil.

The young men came back at night full of excitement and delight. They had found a beautiful lake, surrounded by good pine land, and our friend expressed his determination to look no further. "This is good enough for me!" he exclaimed in his enthusiasm. Both the explorers urged me to go the next day and look at this enchanting spot.

After breakfast, accordingly, we set out in a carriage. The land directly west of Orlando is not of the best, being much of it low pine land abounding in saw palmetto. About four miles from town we came to a farm. The house was surrounded by oleanders nearly as high as itself, in full bloom, roses and other flowering shrubs; and though the home of a "cracker," was a very attractive spot. We asked for oranges, but he had none. He had a young grove not yet in bearing, but the orange trees which we saw filled with the golden fruit were only wild ones, sour, bitter and uneatable. Here this family had lived for many years, not even grafting their wild fruit, and not thinking to put out a young grove until they saw the Yankees doing it around them. They had grape fruit, however, and this they offered us. This fruit was nearly as large as a baby's head, of a pale yellow and very refreshing to the taste when the thick white skin was removed, being in flavor a compromise between an orange and a pine-apple. These people had no garden of any kind, though they had plenty of corn.

Double Lake was the name of our new-found Eden, a beautiful body of water, two miles in circumference, irregular in form, with numerous capes and coves, and with a firm, white, sandy beach, broad enough for a drive. It was encircled by sloping banks, rising to an elevation of perhaps fifty feet, the pine trees upon them straggling down to the sandy margin, with here and there a stunted live-oak at the foot, covered and almost strangled with gray moss.

Our friend was still infatuated, and "located" some two thousand acres around the lake and in its neighborhood. Holding the place in our memory we decided to look further, and spent the day driving hither and thither through the woods.

Meantime W. and I were discussing what our future route should be. We resolved to see more of the State before deciding on any one locality. We came to the conclusion, subsequently, that it is the rule in Florida to run all stages, boats and cars, not with the intent to expedite the traveler on his journey, but for the benefit of hotel keepers, who are thus supplied with enforced guests remaining over to make "connections."

Fortunately we heard of a Bartow man who was in Orlando, having brought across a load of passengers, and who was looking for a load to take back; and were lucky enough to find him just as he was preparing for

his long drive. We had told ourselves that as we were going with a stranger such a distance through the wilderness, and having some little money about our persons, we had better make inquiries as to his character. But one look at his face satisfied me. It was an honest one. He would only rob us legitimately, as all Floridians are bound to do in the case of Northerners. We arranged about the journey, his charges being so high that when we had paid them there would, with an ordinary traveler, be little left in his pocket worth stealing.

That night, after we had returned, tired and almost famished, and helped dispose of a twelve-pound trout [bass] caught in one of the neighboring lakes, as we were sitting on the veranda of the hotel, we had a call from our prospective driver, whom I may as well at once introduce as Mr. B. "Did the lady understand that the drive was seventy miles long, and would take two days, and that the party would be obliged to camp out at night?" Yes, the lady understood it perfectly, and was delighted at the prospect. Then it was all right, and he would call for us at seven the next morning.

After I went to my room, and while busily writing, I chanced to glance up, and saw crawling along the wall on the opposite side of the room an immense spider, whose legs covered a diameter about as large as a saucer. I consider myself a tolerably brave woman; do not mind mice and never run from a snake. But I stood not upon the order of my going when I caught sight of that



DOUBLE LAKE, ORANGE COUNTY.

spider, and did not return until W., more courageous than I, had ended its earthly career. And what do you think the landlord said when I told him of the monster which had been slaughtered in my apartment? He said he kept those spiders in all his rooms to destroy roaches! And I had caused to be murdered a valuable insect exterminator!

A little after the appointed time the following morning Mr. B. and his mule team drove up with a flourish to the door of the hotel, and we were off. Our vehicle was a springless farm wagon, but having spring seats



A FLORIDA COUNTRY SEAT.

was not uncomfortable, except when the road lay over palmetto roots, which it did much of the way that morning. It was drawn by two mules at a steady, fast walk, to keep up with which on foot took all one's muscle. Just as we entered the low-pine lands, a short distance from Orlando, we saw the last habitation on our route for many miles; and for the first time in Florida we saw a garden, and a good one. The corn was three feet high, and potatoes, cabbages and tomatoes looked well. We called Mr. B.'s attention to it, and his remark was: "No wonder! that land is all overflowed in the summer." The soil was black and wet, quite unlike the gray sand of the high pines.

All that morning we traveled through the low pines, with saw palmetto undergrowth, their roots crawling and sprawling over the ground like great brown worms. The road was but a wagon track through the pines and over these roots, and it was jolt, jolt, most of the time. Now and then a heron flew overhead and a covey of quails started up from the roadside. Cattle were plenty, for stock raising is the great interest of the state. Thrifty Florida farmers own their hundreds of head of cattle, which pick up a poor living in the pines, and at the proper season are shipped to the West Indies. They are purchased for five dollars a head and are seldom or never used for dairy purposes. During all our travels in Florida condensed milk was the only form of lacteal fluid we saw.

At noon we had reached a little hut, usually uninhabited, but just now tenanted by a "cracker"—miles from any human habitation. He told us we were coming to magnificent land and high hills—almost mountains. He was only waiting for the country to get settled to go there himself, but now it was too lonesome there and too far away from neighbors. He said there was a beautiful island in Lake Marion, eighty acres in extent and with a wild orange grove on it, which could be bought for five dollars per acre. It was but two miles off our route and it would pay us to look it up.

All the afternoon I was the prospective owner of that island. I had grafted the wild orange trees, turned the pines into a magnificent park, and had a winter and health resort unparalleled for beauty and for facilities boating, fishing and hunting.

Just as we finished our dinner a shower came down, but we pushed on regardless of it. A few miles on we forded Reedy Creek, and came into our friend the cracker's mountains. As for the creek, it is an ugly stream which in the wet season must be dangerous to ford. Now, directly in the road, there was a hole a dozen feet deep, imperceptible through the dark water, and we had to go cautiously around it. From the white, sandy, low-pine region we entered a yellow, sandy tract with an undulating surface, which rose and fell perhaps fifty feet, and these were the "mountains" we had heard about. They were the highest hills the Floridian had seen, and he could not imagine anything much higher. These hills were covered with an inferior growth of pine, black-jack, cabbage and saw palmettos, and small water and turkey-oaks. It was a desolate country, bearing the reputation of exceeding barrenness, but rather interesting to pass through, owing to its diversified scenery and the numerous "sinks" and lakes which it contained.

One of the small lakes we passed in the afternoon contained a floating island. The lake was low, and one end of the island was resting against the bank. It was covered with reeds and low bushes, and even had several young pines growing upon it. These floating islands are a peculiar and interesting feature of Florida, but we saw only this one.

It drizzled on and off all the afternoon. Toward night it set in to rain in real earnest, and we began to look anxiously for the "half-way house," a hunter's hut, which served as a refuge for travelers in inclement weather. All day long we had seen neither habitation nor human being, save the man at the noon stopping place; but as it began to grow dusk the light of a camp ahead of us told us that there were others out in the storm as well as ourselves. Reaching it we found under a live-oak, around a blazing fire, an open wagon, a horse and a man and woman, without so much as an umbrella or a blanket to protect them from the rain, which was now pouring down in torrents. We stopped to find out who they were, and what they were doing out in the rain. They had come from Bartow, and were on their way to Orlando, and having found the half-way house filled with hunters, who, they said, would not let them in, they had been forced to proceed further and camp out in the rain. The hut, they said, was two miles further on; and so in the darkness and storm we pursued our way, resolved to try our luck with the inhospitable hunters.

At last a bright light shone through the cracks of a dilapidated hut, indicating that the half-way house was reached, and our driver, Mr. B., putting on a bold and resolute front, entered the cabin. He found but three hunters all told, distant kinsmen of his own, and most hospitably inclined. They cordially welcomed us to their hearth—so called in courtesy only, as the fire was made upon the floor at one end of the room. The hut was about ten by fourteen feet, roughly boarded, the open cracks of which served in lieu of a chimney. The only window had a fresh deer-hide tacked over it to keep out the rain, and there was literally a ground floor. The furniture consisted of several boxes and a rough bedstead made of boards. The fire sent a cheerful glow, not only through the room, but out into the wet, dark night.

We were soon warmed and dried, and then began to

think about supper. Our hosts—hosts by right of pre-occupation of the cabin—were from Fort Mead, a dozen miles south of Bartow, and were out on a week's hunting expedition. They had been successful in killing several deer and a wild turkey, and had seen footprints of a panther and a bear. Deer abound in this section of Florida, and venison is probably, next to pork, the most common food of the inhabitants. A haunch of venison was placed at our disposal and a frying-pan brought out for our use, and soon the slices of venison were sizzling over the coals. Supper, consisting of coffee with sugar but without cream, fried venison, canned beef, salmon and sardines, crackers and pickles, was served on the box which had held our provisions. W. sat upon another box, Mr. B. upon the ground, and I upon a bag of oats. Our table utensils were two tin cups, the lid of a tin pail for a plate, two spoons and a jack-knife, with clean handkerchiefs for napkins; but never venison tasted sweeter than that, though it was a little gritty, owing, probably, to the fact that the pan in which it was cooked had been in use a week without scrubbing.

These hunters were well acquainted with the country thereabout, and so I asked of them the whereabouts of Lake Marion and the wonderful island. Lake Marion, they told me, was far off the route of travel, in a wild and desolate region, surrounded with an exceedingly poor quality of land, and the island—my island, as I fondly hoped—had been sold just about a week previous. Concluding, after the fox in the fable, that the island was good for nothing anyway, I did not permit my disappointment to take away my appetite for supper.

After supper was cleared away I sat on the bag of oats and wrote letters home by the aid of the firelight. Meantime the rain had ceased, and the men were building a big fire in front of the cabin. Then, wrapped in blankets and cloaks, we stowed ourselves away for the night—some on the ground, some in the loft of the horse-shed; while I was given the most comfortable place, having a bed of hay spread on the bedstead; and miles away from human habitation, in the wilderness of Florida, we slept peacefully and awoke refreshed.

In the morning we made a royal breakfast on fried venison and pork, roast sweet potatoes, canned beef, salmon, sardines and oysters, crackers and pickles, to which I added a relish in the shape of a few small tomatoes which I found growing wild beside the cabin. I am told these plum tomatoes will grow and bear the winter through. While I was busy picking and eating the tomatoes a flock of green-and-yellow paroquets were chattering at a great rate in the woods near by, and presently they flew over our heads, screaming as they went. I took a little walk while the mules were being "put to," looking for flowers, and came back, my clothing covered with sand-burs. These were old but not welcome acquaintances, and I had hoped, in leaving Jersey, to bid adieu to them forever.

While the sun was yet low we took up our line of march through a better country than we had yet seen. Much of the pine land was first-class, and will before many years attract immigrants to that section of the state. A few miles brought us to the lake region of Polk county—a region which is destined in the future to be a great winter resort for Northerners. Lakes are on every hand. At one time we counted six in sight through the trees; and if the country had been cleared we could probably have seen double the number.

Fording a creek we came to the former location of Fort Cummings, of which only a few posts in the ground

remain. It lies between lakes Mananna and Cummings, and is at the threshold of some of the finest country we had yet seen. The pines were tall and thrifty, and the black-oaks, instead of being scrubby, were many of them large, handsome trees—a sure sign of excellent soil. This locality, for two miles or more, was like an immense park, with lakes on every side, and will some day be the site of a handsome town, if I mistake not. A few years ago a Chicago speculator laid out a town here called Medora, and sold a large number of lots; but as they were sold without any stipulations as to buildings the consequence was that the city existed only on paper, and the whole scheme fell through. Much of the land here is state land, and is not yet in the market. It is remote from settlements, but I believe the projected route of a railroad now in process of construction runs right through it; and when that is finished the country will fill up fast enough.

We ate our roadside dinner in the lake region, and then plodded along at the rate of three and one-half miles an hour toward Bartow. In the course of the afternoon we came to an occasional house—a mere log hut, but always with its attendant young orange grove. At one place, where we stopped to water the mules, an old white-haired woman sat in the door of her cabin, slowly rocking and still more slowly sewing, while she steadily puffed away at her pipe.

Most of the houses in this section of the state are of logs, and instead of having one large house divided into apartments, each room is usually a little cabin by itself. Not infrequently an oleander or rose-bush is blossoming in the yard, but the ground is always bare and sandy. Sometimes these cabins have no floor but the sand; and through the open doorway—there being no door—of one hut we saw a bedstead standing ankle-deep, if I may use the expression, in sand.

About three miles from Bartow, south of Lake Hancock, we passed through a narrow hummock. The great outstretched arms of the live-oaks formed a perfect green archway fringed with yards of gray moss. It was one



HALF-WAY HOUSE.

of those lovely spots in Florida which should never be disturbed by encroaching civilization, but remain a possession of living beauty to the traveler.

Fording Saddle creek, the outlet of Lake Hancock, we passed through a good agricultural country, sometimes hummock and sometimes pine, but for the most part uncultivated. Then reaching Bartow Branch, for thirty yards or more we forded a stream black and deep, its bottom uneven from roots, and overhead the trees uniting and filling the place with shade. But this driving through Bartow Branch was not half so nerve-disturbing as fording it on horseback on the following day. All streams in this locality are forded. There was not a bridge between Orlando and the western coast until within six miles of Tampa, on Hillsboro' Bay.

Reaching the county seat of Polk County, we found it a hamlet of perhaps twenty houses, but prospectively a town of great importance. A railroad will reach it some time in the course of a year, and real estate has gone up in consequence—gone up as we never knew it to go up under like circumstances in the North. It will probably come down again after awhile.

We found horseback-riding the most delightful method of locomotion, as the roads are rough. Going back on our route the next day after reaching Bartow as far as Lake Hancock, we saw on the shore of that lake the third and last alligator we were privileged to behold in the state; although a resident of Polk County has published the statement that in that county there are of frogs "forty bushels to the acre, and alligators enough to fence them in with." This fellow was eight or ten feet long, a repulsive-looking monster, who was lying very quietly, but whether asleep or dead we did not go near enough to discover. The natives have no fear of these creatures, and say they have never heard of any one being

killed or injured by them; but, for my part, I cannot fancy that bathing in their proximity would be a pleasant recreation. An acquaintance, who spent a number of months in Fort Mead, says he once saw one twenty-two feet long. Alligator-hunting is a not unprofitable employment, their skins bringing a dollar and a-half, to be made into shoes, while their teeth are worth from fifty cents up to two dollars, according to their size, and are converted into trinkets and charms.

A day and a-half by mule team, with Mr. B. still our driver, brought us to Tampa, on the western coast of Florida. We passed a beautiful little lake about four miles west of Bartow—henceforth to be known as Lake Bonny, near which in the not remote future a Northern colony will probably be settled—various log country residences and one fine orange grove. The rain set in with a will during the afternoon. We raised our umbrellas and drew our cloaks and blankets closely around us, but the rain penetrated everything; I tried, at least, to keep my feet dry, but the moisture penetrated in little drips and rills, against which clothing seemed no protection, and undergarments and stockings were as wet as outer wraps. Limp as rags, we drew up, a little after sundown, before a hospitable-looking brush-fire, which blazed before a cracker establishment, and asked permission to warm and dry ourselves. The rain had temporarily ceased, and, enjoying the comfortable warmth, we made clothes-horses of ourselves, and with extended arms dried our blankets and cloaks.

We were invited into the house, and the only two bedsteads it contained placed at our disposal, while the family, consisting of mother and numerous children of all ages, the father being absent, slept upon the floor. This establishment consisted, as usual, of several separate cabins. The kitchen stood by itself, away from the bed-rooms, which were in a log-building and a lean-to. The only furniture in these bed-rooms was the bedsteads aforesaid and a couple of chairs of a pattern with which we had already made acquaintance at Bartow, being straight-backed and straight-legged, bottomed with deer-skin and uncomfortable generally.

Our hostess was inclined to be sociable, and we held quite a conversation. She told me how they had traveled in a covered farm-wagon, drawn by oxen, all the way from Georgia, camping out at night. She invited me to look at her garden in the morning, an invitation which I was really sorry I could not accept, as I had failed to find one at Bartow. She told me how her children were going to school, and, with manifest pride, directed her little girls to show me the embroidery they were learning—a motto on perforated cardboard; and she apologized for her children's bare feet, saying she could not prevail upon them to wear their shoes, whereupon one of the little ones spoke up, "Why, ma, you know I hain't got no shoes!" She said "hit" for "it;" she wore a sun-bonnet, and her dress manifested none of the follies or absurdities of fashion in the shape of overskirt or flounce.

Tampa sits on a plain of white sand at the mouth of Hillsboro' River, and at the head of Hillsboro' Bay. This sand dazzles the eye and reflects the heat, so that it is several degrees warmer there than inland. It is a modest little place as yet, but is a town of great expectations, based on the steamboat lines which already make it a point of departure and the railroads which are to come. If its harbor were a little better, its expectations would have firmer foundation: As it is, it is likely to be a toss-up between Tampa and Charlotte Harbor which shall gain and keep the supremacy. Charlotte Harbor labors under the disadvantage of being further



IN THE PINES.

south, but it has the advantage of having an excellent harbor. Tampa, however, already does a large business with New Orleans and the West Indies, having regular steamship lines to those places.

Vegetation dwindles as the coast is neared, and only a few stunted evergreens remain, save and except the magnificent live-oaks, the like of which we saw nowhere else. Fort Brooke, a military station at Tampa, is in a grove of these live-oaks, some of which cover a circle of sixty feet in diameter with their spreading limbs.

The steamer for Cedar Keys was at her wharf getting ready to depart. We had intended to take the stage the following day for Ocala, but making a hasty calculation we concluded we should save a day or two in time by going to Cedar Keys instead; so we rushed on board, as we supposed, at the last minute, as we had

in reaching its destination. We had been assured that the steamboat made connection at Cedar Keys with the train for Gainesville. Stopping at the latter place for half an hour or so, we expected to take the train to Palatka, and thence by boat to Jacksonville, reaching there the same night or the following morning. The train had gone when we arrived at Cedar Keys, and none would run before the following morning. It is well to be resigned when one cannot help one's self, and so we settled ourselves for the day.

Cedar Keys is an innumerable collection of islands of all sizes, some of them only a few yards long, and covered with marsh grass, and the larger ones with a growth of low bushes. They are all encircled by shallow lagoons—some of which are spanned by bridges—and navigated by sail boats, row boats and "dug-outs." The town of Cedar Keys is built upon the



ASLEEP OR DEAD?

been told the steamer would start at a certain time, but it was close upon two hours before the last line was cast off and we were moving slowly down the bay.

Hillsboro' Bay is a beautiful sheet of water, and, fishermen tell us, abounds in fish. There are some handsome residences already upon its shores, and in due time stately villas, pretty cottages and thriving farms will, no doubt, extend all the way on either hand to the Gulf.

It was dark before we passed the Keys, which, extending across it, lock the mouth of Tampa Bay. Sitting out on a pile of crates on the lower side deck, with a gentle wind blowing and everything quiet on the boat, I watched the lighthouse on Passage Key; saw it far ahead in the distance; saw it gradually grow nearer until abreast of the boat, and then as gradually recede in the distance; and then, knowing that the boat was upon the waters of the Gulf, I went to my berth and to sleep. We reached Cedar Keys a little after eight the next morning.

When a Northerner reads in a Florida time table that such a boat or train of cars connects at such a place with such other boat or train of cars, let him not be taken in. The word "connect" means there simply that when you get to the first stopping place you can wait a day or a week, as the case may be, for the starting of the next boat or train, and then not be certain that it will start on schedule time, while there is no uncertainty whatever about its being behind schedule time

largest of these islands, and the only one which rises to any height above the water. To the north there is quite a bold bluff. The islands seem to be mere heaps of sand and shells, covered with low evergreen bushes, and with a few palmettos and small live-oaks, but there are beautiful views on every side, especially to the eastward, where, as far as the eye can reach, land and water alternate, while on the horizon is a fringe of pine trees growing on the mainland.

Cedar Keys is at the present time the most important port on the western coast of Florida. It has regular lines of steamers running to New Orleans, the West Indies and other places, and is the terminus of the Transit Railroad, which, until the completion of a road to Tampa, receives all the transportation of the western coast. Lumbering seems to be the principal business of the town, there being two large lumbering establishments there. There is also a cedar pencil factory. Sponge gathering is an important business, not only here, but at other points along the western coast of Florida.

The following morning, when we had vainly hoped to be at Jacksonville, we repaired to the station in good time, for the Gainesville train was advertised to start at twenty minutes past seven. While waiting for the time of starting we watched the shipping of fourteen turtles, varying in diameter from one foot to two feet. They were all laid on their backs, their flippers tied together,

and their heads bobbing helplessly about, while on their breastplates was marked their destination: "Fulton Market, New York."

In Polk county we saw but two colored people, and

on the platform and talked with one and another who loitered about the place. At twenty minutes to eight he called "all aboard!" and ten minutes later we moved slowly away from the station.



CEDAR KEYS.

they form only about one-thirtieth of the population; but elsewhere they were plentiful. They were servants, waiters and runners at the hotels, teamsters and laborers. We frequently met the children, well dressed and tidy, on their way to or from school. A crowd of colored men and boys superintended the arrival and departure of every boat and train. On the platform at Cedar Keys a colored lad was idly standing. For want of anything better to look at I was inspecting him, and wondering how different would have been his fate had not slavery been abolished. While I looked at him he opened his mouth to yawn. And such a cavern! It reminded me of a picture sent out by a certain circus, of hippopotami with open mouths.

At twenty minutes past seven train and passengers were ready, but we did not move. The conductor stood

From Gainesville the Palatka train started on time, for a wonder, and in a moonless night we rolled into Palatka and made our way blindly along the wharf to the steamboat landing. We had met upon the train a man well known throughout Florida, and the man who probably knows more about Florida than any other man alive. He told us he had been over every foot of Florida soil, and he commended our judgment in selecting Polk County as a place for future residence, declaring that the Peace Creek region from Lake Hancock to Fort Meade is really the best land and the most healthful in the state.

The steamer was booked to leave Palatka at midnight; so the waiting passengers grouped themselves about the wharf, some sitting on an uncommonly uncomfortable pile of lumber, others wisely preferring

to stand; but all talking of Florida—its soil, productions and characteristics. Across the river, faint and black against the sky, was Hart's orange grove; beyond that, the bend in the river where we were looking for the steamboat. We see a faint light beyond the grove; everybody says "it is the steamboat!" The glow rises higher, instead of rounding the point, and proves to be the moon—on time, even in Florida. Then the boat really comes in sight, and our hopes rise high,

for we are weary waiting. But, alas! it is only the little boat from the Oklawaha. At last, a good way past midnight, a faint light gleams far away, and, coming around the grove, draws nearer and nearer, until the outline of the *Du Barry* rises black and big between us and the river and sky. She rounds to; we all rush on board, and our Floridian experience is at an end.

E. B. DUFFEY.



MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH.

THE GOLDEN LAND.

LONELY o'er Life's desert dreary,
One broad waste of glaring sand,
Roam I, weak and worn and weary,
Searching for my "Golden Land."

For they told me, when I started
Or that journey, years ago,
Hopeful, blithe and happy-hearted,
Ignorant of pain and woe,

That, beyond the line of brightness—
So this desert looked to me
Dazzling in its silvery whiteness,
Like the foam on summer sea—

Was the "Golden Land" enchanted,
Known to youth of every age;
By the hand of artist painted;
Sung by poet, sought by sage:

Land where hopes have glad fruition;
Land where dreams are dreams no more;
Till, before my longing vision,
Seemed to rise its glorious shore.

Sense enraptured with its beauty,
Soul enraptured with its bliss;
What cared I that life meant duty—
I, who owned estates like this?

So, from childhood's happy valley,
Out upon that sparkling sand,
Eagerly I stepped and gayly—
Ah! that was my Golden Land!

And my feet shall wander ever,
On this scorching, burning sand;
I shall faint and fail, but *never*
Shall I find my "Golden Land!"

But I left it, little guessing
All the wealth I left behind;
All the beauty and the blessing
That no after-search can find.

That wild landscape stretched before me,
Swift I sped, the goal was nigh,
While like furnace walls, bent o'er me,
Quivering with white heat, the sky.

Of the happy future dreaming,
Of the glories just before,
On the far horizon gleaming
That enchanted, smiling shore.

And I saw, as I came nearer,
Waving trees and sparkling streams;
Fairer shone the scene and clearer,
Brighter than my brightest dreams

Groves and gardens softly shaded,
Stately mansions snowy white—
But the vision slowly faded,
Faded from my ravished sight.

Then I grew so faint and tired,
That I only longed for rest;
All my glowing hopes expired
And despair my soul possessed.

Now I know the land enchanted
That gleamed fair before my eyes
Was but a desert mirage, painted
On the brazen, blazing skies;

CHARLES HAMILTON.

A SCOTTISH EPIC.*

ONE of the things we all like best just now is picturing that near past which is "old times" to the American, and felicitating ourselves upon the contrasts we make. We enjoy our railroads because our grandfathers had to travel by post-chaise, and when we rush from Richmond to Philadelphia in a few hours, how we like to fancy the old gentleman—but was he always old and always a grandfather?—trotting soberly over the road in his buggy, taking a week for his journey. If he was not well, he would stop a day or more at an inn on the way, and he could even spare the time for a vapor bath. We of the present cannot even take two quinine pills between the two places if they are ordered for the usual interval; and if we want a "lay-over" ticket, thinking to pause on our journey, the agent sighs, because he has



RUINS OF DOUNE CASTLE.



OLD BRIDGE "WHERE VENNACHAR IN SILVER BREAKS."

* THE LADY OF THE LAKE. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. The illustrations are from the above-named volume, by kind permission of the publishers.

714

to make a motion of his arm which is not mechanical, this pigeon-hole being so little used.

But, best of all, we like to tell the children stories. If we light a candle, we say, "This is what your grandfather used instead of gas," and we rather twit them with their books and magazines, comparing them with the poor little affairs we had and the total literary destitution of the grandfather when he was young. The old gentleman himself, jumping on his horse or trotting along in the buggy, with the bag of oats behind and a bucket swung below; sitting by his great wood-fires, which lighted the room with a glow of which the gas is ignorant; thinking of his barns and his wife's store-closets, and of the apples and nuts put away for the children—had no idea of his coming use as a mile-stone on the road to progress and rapidity. He probably thought himself very well off in the way of comfort and sufficiently well-informed.

It would be interesting if we could know what our ancestor would think of us, and if he would consider that our gains compensated us for our losses—that our luxuries balanced our worries. It is certain he would consider our children failures. Not that he would not be as properly proud of them as we are, but he would not understand some of their little peculiarities. He would not know what to make of a young person who had to be fed with amusement and occupation. In his day youth employed itself. But take from our child his book, his weekly paper, his magazine, his patent toys, his bicycle and printing press; take his name from his club, his base-ball from his hand, and what a forlorn, uninterested, unemployed creature is left! In himself how barren are his resources! What shall he do out of doors, and, worse yet, what can be



"HIS STATELY MIEN AS WELL IMPLIED
A HIGH-BORN HEART, A MARTIAL PRIDE."

done with him in the house? We have educated him until he cannot stand alone. He has his employments dictated, his amusements defined and his very thoughts are thought for him. In these splendid books and magazines which we provide for him he reads stories of to-day in New England, and if there are adventures the hero is the New England boy of to-day. He never digs for himself; he rarely goes out of the life he knows, and it is left to no modern boy to discover a hero or a splendid adventure for himself. He never even has the satisfaction of calling Jacob a sneak, because his "Child's Bible" explains that the patriarch was only prudent, and the boy who dashes out as David against the Philistines buys his sling instead of making it.

We are beginning to understand that the romance both of life and literature is slipping away from the young people, and that they are becoming the poorer for their loss. We say it is part of the child's education to read the "Arabian Nights" and "Robinson Crusoe," and we buy splendid editions of the stories of King Arthur and the "Percy Ballads." We remember how we devoured them all—but behold, our children sit down as critics and have opinions about them. "Opinions" of the "Arabian Nights," of Sindbad the Sailor, of the young Prince who did not put pepper in the cream tarts, and of "The Three Calenders!"

They compare "Robinson Crusoe" with the adventures of Dick Thompson on the Texan border, and decide

they like the new serial best; and as for King Arthur, it is good enough, but they have read it, and now they "want something new!" Are these children going to read "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas" in the same way? and what is going to stir their blood as Marston and Flodden Field stirred their grandfathers! Think of Walter Scott, when he was a young law apprentice, some fifteen years old, going out on the "Meadows" in the moonlight with Henry Irving, and they repeating, one to the other, all the ballads they knew, and how he delighted in saying over and over,

"The dews of summer light did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

To these boys this was a picture. They felt the very air that blew around the hall and through the oaks, and when in after days Scott came to be the poet and the historian of feudal feeling and romance, and to give shape to the fancies born of his long walks, his musing over old ballads, his study of old laws, and his eager, patient listen-

ing to every ancient story-teller whom he met, Irving represented the audience ready to hear him. A great work which at once becomes popular is born of more than the author's genius. It comes in with the flood-tide of some popular conviction, or is the blossom of some steady force that has, perhaps, been garnered in silence and through adverse and wintry opposition. It brings with it such clear, compelling revelation, that we fancy it has created what it simply expresses. The slave had been silent, but not dumb,



"AT LENGTH, WITH ELLEN IN A GROVE
HE SEEMED TO WALK, AND SPEAK OF LOVE."



"THE EASTERN RIDGE OF BENVENUE."

when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" spoke for him, and the "Marseillaise" was but the sudden breaking into voice of hundreds who had not dared to even whisper their wrongs and their resolves. In commonplace times we have commonplace oracles, and if by chance a Saul is anointed and is seen among the prophets, he may tell of his hunt for the asses, but of "the matter of the kingdom, whereof Samuel spake," he will say nothing. There is more in the ripeness of time than we are apt to fancy when we are living on a level, and that there are certain years when poets appear is not merely a coincidence.

Walter Scott came with a brilliant procession into English literature. Burns had led the way, with Moore and Coleridge and Southey, Lamb, De Quincey, Hood, Shelley, Wordsworth and Keats, with Byron and how many more following close behind.

The English had wondered how a plowman, who was also a Scot, could make such verses as Burns did, and they had tried to persuade him to educate himself into higher forms and drop his dialect. But fling out his legends as he would, Burns was not the Columbus who discovered Scotland for the rest of the world. This was left to Walter Scott, whose staff "Shrewsbury" was a veritable witch-hazel and drew legends from the very ground as its owner tramped along. He took possession of the country and made it his own. The people who now appear to live in Scotland might be foreigners, or ghosts unrevealed, for all the interest we take in them. We go there looking for Rob Roy and for Jeanie Deans, for

Meg Merriles and Dominie Sampson, for the real people whom we know. We do not want any historian to tell us about the "Heart of Mid Lothian," or to irritate us with irrelevant corrections concerning Amy Robsart. The most belated pedestrian traveling over Scottish roads will pause to look at an old man chipping at tombstones in a grave-yard and smile, remembering an old friend with just such an occupation.

And neither do we want a guide-book to tell us of Sir Somebody's grounds which are open on Wednesday, or of a supposed Murillo to be seen on Saturdays near Stirling Castle. What is a park or a picture to one on his way to Loch Katrine!

There still hunts Fitz-James, and still he winds his horn, and then

"From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the ivied rock,"

still shoots a little skiff, and still,

"With head upraised and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back and lips apart,"

comes the *Lady of the Lake*!

The American likes this combination of fact and fancy. To him the "Moray, Mar and Roderick Dhu" are more interesting than any of the straw figures in history, and he is delighted if he can go directly to their haunts and recognize each stream and mountain. If he can follow the stag which "at eve had drunk its fill" over the



"SHORT BE MY SPEECH;—NOR TIME AFFORDS,
NOR MY PLAIN TEMPER, GLOZING WORDS."

heath and up the mountain, and come out under the hazel shade where Fitz-James stood unseen by Ellen, he likes it better than the following of any one better authenticated by record but far less real. Walter Scott goes through the Highlands like a woodsman, and he "blazes" the trees so that one coming after cannot miss the way, and it pleases us. Perhaps, too, when we lay so much emphasis on victory over obstacles, we like to know that a writer who made such vivid pictures with his pen could not learn to draw, having no power to reproduce with a pencil. Nevertheless, the artist going to Scotland for sketches seems merely to have illustrated the text. Neither could he sing, and a chorus drowning it in a greater noise was the only way in which his unruly voice could be treated—yet his songs run into tune of themselves.

The whole story of Scott's life awakes the old problem of the reactionary influence of circumstances and of character. One day some one spoke to him of his early acquaintance with books as well as ballads, and he lightly turned it off, saying he would not have known so much had he been able to go out and play with other boys. This was all true enough, but how many other children of the same day were kept by ill-health from active sports, and how many of them wrote Waverley Novels? Such a character as Scott's forces its way. It is like a spring torrent, which is shaped in its rush by



"GRAY STIRLING WITH HER TOWERS AND TOWN."

the rocks over which it passes, but which will run to the river whether over plain or up the hills. He might have been a great lawyer, as Hutton suggests, or he might have been a soldier, like others of his clan, but he would have had to be kept from paper and ink in either case. He was born to be a writer, but more fortunate than most others, his education developed and never thwarted him.

Everything conspired to give him just the training nature meant him to have. His earliest recollections were of his grandfather's farm, where he could look

"O'er Mertoun wood and Tweed's fair flood,
And all down Teviotdale."

He saw Melrose and Dryburgh Abbey, and before he could walk the young ewe milkers used to carry him up on the crags and lay him down among the sheep to watch the sky and the shadows on the hill-side. When he was ready to go home the cow bailie would blow a horn and up would come a maid from the house to take him back. With such surroundings Scott grew up a hearty boy, ready to walk, to ride and to join any sport, and yet delighted to linger where old stories were told. Everywhere there was the legend of battle, everywhere the song that breathed adventure. The atmosphere was about him, and he became the prophet who "told of the kingdom," and who made Scotland's romance her history, and her history her romance.

This is the atmosphere that is



"YOUNG MALCOLM ANSWERED, CALM AND BOLD."



"WITH CAUTIOUS STEP AND EAR AWAKE,
HE CLIMBS THE CRAG, AND THREADS THE BRAKE."

passing away from us, and we hardly realize what poverty we express when we say we are "becoming practical." We have poets, but they describe feeling, passion, grief; and we have novelists who analyze character; but the poet who deals with the picturesque, the romantic, has departed, and our novelists are not men of affairs. We have lost in breadth whatever we have gained in intensity, and it is a question how far our profound and keen study of the commonplace is going to repay us. It is never a gain to lose the use of even the left hand, and this is just what we are doing. It may be that the right hand is a little more



IN THE GREENWOOD.



"ELLEN, THY HAND—THE RING IS THINE."

quick and sure, because of the double care it has had, but its work is still clumsy. And we also lose the essence of youth. We cannot enjoy and take the world for granted, when we are forever judging and criticising and balancing. We have no more heroes who are brave, noble, and therefore always successful; and if we take a beautiful heroine in hand how careful we are to disappoint her whenever we can. In the days of the old romance beauty meant merit, and bravery success; and this is what it ought to mean to us before experience teaches us better. It is best for us to have great faith in the success of what ought to be successful, to believe

that the hero always conquers, and the lady is in the end happy. There is a glamour that is wisdom for the young, and it is not a good sign that we are educating it away. There has been a great deal that is wise and very stupid said about the evil influences of romance, but pure and healthy romance never hurt the soul of youth or maiden. The story of the hero means heroism, and no preacher can, in novel or in pulpit, repeat too often that the right must conquer. That it does do so we come to understand, but there is no need of knowing too soon that its victories are not always quick and splendid.

It is this fine mixture of romance and beauty, of daring adventure and charming accessories that has made "The Lady of the Lake" the poem of the young. We read this when we cared little to "improve ourselves," but who does not remember how it stirred and stimulated us! Think of the moment when Fitz-James, after



THE GATE—STIRLING CASTLE.

his fight with Roderick Dhu, rides back to Stirling with De Vaux, who had been called to his side by "the bugle-note," and

"As up the flinty path they strained,
Sudden his steed the leader reined;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung :—
'Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray,
Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes,
or whom?'"

And when the obtuse knight declares him some "burly groom," think how we felt the king's reproach and cry:

"Out, out, De Vaux! Can fear supply,
And jealousy no sharper eye?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas!—"

This was a fine dramatic introduction to a figure that is as heroic as any Scott has given us. We felt the pathos of this vigorous insurgent, going alone all in his poor and homely garb to give himself up to a monarch whom he loved, and from whom he expected no mercy, simply because it was, he fancied, a choice between the surrender of his own life, with the ruin of his daughter's happiness and the extermination of a clan. He was strong enough and brave enough to have fought James tooth and nail, and in his own mountains were refuges

without number if he even fought flying. The sweetness and pathos of this character is not lessened by the rude and brutal sport in which he engages when he means to show the king that surrender does not mean weakness, and so he proves himself the best archer, the strongest wrestler and throws the mightiest stone. This magnanimous courage was worth a hundred homilies to the boy who read it and believed it, and no story of mere adventure or daring takes its place.

Nothing takes the place of a hero, nothing compensates us for want of belief in courage, in faith, in endurance; and in no way can these qualities be put as vividly as in the story of a man who needs and who possesses them. The "Lady of the Lake" is full of just such dramatic episodes. There is the day when Fitz-James, having parted with Ellen after giving her his signet-ring, guided by Red Murdoch, goes back over the stream that joins Loch Katrine to Achray, and suddenly, "in tattered weeds and wild array," Blanche of Devon appears and sings her wild song. It seemed a little matter to Murdoch to explain that she is only a Lowland Maid, crazed by the death of her bridegroom, who was killed on his wedding-day by Roderick Dhu. His only wonder is that she is at large. But the story fires the king's heart, and when, a moment after, the girl is killed by the arrow Murdoch



"ILL FARED IT THEN WITH RODERICK DHU."

means for James himself, how quick and sure his vengeance. When James returns to the dead girl, and taking the yellow lock of her lover's hair with one of her own, and fastening it in his bonnet, swears she shall be avenged, this was not to us melo-dramatic, and

have sold twenty thousand copies in a year. The times were ready for it, and it was a revelation to a people who had not yet lost their liking for simple story-telling, and who were still capable of enthusiasm over chivalric deeds. So our grandfathers had the best of us.



"MALCOLM, COME FORTH!"—AND AT THE WORD,
DOWN KNEELED THE GÆME TO SCOTLAND'S LORD."

which of us was there who did not feel that the coming fate of Roderick was just!

Then, as

"The shades of night come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown—
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell,"

the king takes his slow and cautious way and meets his foe at last. There is a great deal of Scott's delicate and chivalrous feeling in the whole of this canto, which is, perhaps, the best remembered in the poem, and it is a sentiment that is lacking in the poetry of to-day. If a hero could now put himself into such a position, he would be filled with barbaric rage, or he would feel it a religious duty; he would certainly "put it" to himself in some manner, and to himself justify himself.

Fitz-James has no idea of needing justification. Upon a generous impulse at one moment, he offers to obtain a pardon for the chieftain, but after they once close in combat, he has no feeling but the desire to conquer—the savage impulse of fight.

Looking back upon the history of literature we cannot wonder that a poem so delicate and yet so full of picturesque adventure and charming description, should

We can never again have a "Lady of the Lake," and perhaps there is no need that we should, but the pity is that the day seems coming when such poems will become the curious record of a literary taste that is extinct. If we were gaining, if we were getting a higher and purer sentiment, if even the poetry were better, we might, in the name of the youth to whom such romance belongs, be reconciled; but who can consider the inane, weak and vicious stories poured out by the hundred every year and put in circulation by every library, and not see that, in some respects at least, there is a literature of the past for which the present offers no adequate substitute.

And yet we have our compensations. Our grandfather had the poet, but we have the artist. He never dreamed of such accessories as are given herewith. If he could have had such illustrations made he would hardly have sent an artist to the lake itself, and he would have been content to let his fancy shape the figures. As we have it, the pictures are studies, faithful as they are beautiful, and the pity is that Scott cannot have a presentation set of India proofs. The prints are in every way a tribute to his genius, and ought to insure a fresh recognition of the qualities that made "The Lady of the Lake" an influence as well as a fashion.

LOUISE STOCKTON.

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SIR FRANCIS BENDIBOW, the last of his race, and once held to be the greatest and most successful banker in England, was meanwhile lying on a bed in a small room, in a house not his own, and with no traces of luxury about him. The bed, indeed, was an easy bed enough, though it was not made of mahogany, nor draped with damask curtains: and the room was by no means a dungeon, though the furniture and fittings were of the plainest and most economical description, and Sir Francis would not have been at liberty to open the door and go out, had he wished to do so. It is not probable, however, that he wished to do anything of the kind: nor, had he been as free as the sparrow that was twittering on the eaves outside the narrow window, could he have found strength to rise from his bed and walk across the room. His physical resources were at an end: and the physician who had felt his pulse that morning had admitted (in response to the urgent demand of the baronet) that the chances were against his surviving many hours longer. Sentence of death, come it how it may, generally produces a notable impression on the recipient. Sir Francis said nothing: he fixed his eyes curiously upon the doctor's face for a few moments; then let his gaze wander slowly round the room, taking note of every object in it. Finally, he settled himself comfortably in the bed, and appeared to give himself up to his meditations, in the midst of which the doctor left him, feeling some surprise at the baronet's sang-froid and equanimity. "Must have a tolerable clean conscience, after all," he remarked to Fillmore, outside the door. "Dare say others were more to blame for the smash than he. Seems always to have been unlucky in his friends."

Sir Francis, in fact, appeared rather cheerful than otherwise. The symptoms of harassment, suspense, and irritation which had beset him for several months past, were no longer visible. He lay there as one who composedly awaits some agreeable event, and, meanwhile, occupies himself with passing in review before his mind the incidents of a pleasant and successful career. After an hour or so of this, however, he signed to Fillmore to approach the bedside, and spoke to him earnestly, though in a low tone, for several moments. After a little discussion, the lawyer left the room. He did not return for five or six hours, during which time Sir Francis lay quite alone, save for an occasional momentary visit from the attendant on duty. At last there was another step in the passage: the door opened and Fillmore came in.

"She has come," he said, walking up to the bed, and looking keenly down at the other. "Are you still of the same mind?"

The baronet nodded, and said; "Lose no time."

Fillmore went back to the door, and immediately returned with Marion Lancaster on his arm. He led her to the bedside, and the baronet greeted her with a movement of the hand and arm, and a slight bend of the head, which, feeble though they were, somehow recalled the grand obeisances that Sir Francis Bendibow

was wont to make in the days of his prosperity and renown.

"Sit down, my dear," he said, indicating the chair at his side. "Very kind of you to come. You look fatigued."

So indeed she did, with a fatigue that was more than bodily. "I am well enough," she said looking at him gravely; and she sat down.

"Fillmore," said the baronet, "will you remain outside a bit? Mrs. Lancaster and I are going to have a little private chat together."

When the lawyer had withdrawn, Sir Francis altered his position so as to face Marion more fully, and said, "I had an odd impression the other day. I was at a place—Vauxhall, in fact—on business; and something happened there that upset me. I was senseless for a while, or nearly so: but I had an impression that I saw your face, and heard your voice. And afterwards, for a time, I fancied I heard and saw you again at intervals. It was in a room at an inn, somewhere, at last. That must have been all a fancy of mine—eh?"

"No, I was with you," Marion replied. "I saw you when you fell: and I got a carriage and took you to an inn. I should have taken you to your own house: but a gentleman whom I happened to meet, and who assisted me, seemed to think it best not to do that."

"Quite right of him, whoever he was," said the baronet; "though, as things are to-day, it doesn't make much difference, either. So 'twas really you? The gentleman was your husband, of course?"

"No: my husband knew nothing of my going there. I went there to meet you, Sir Francis."

The baronet looked surprised.

"I never thought to have the opportunity to tell you this," Marion continued. "I wanted to ask you something, which nobody but you could tell me. I heard you were living in Twickenham, but, when I went there, they told me you would see no one. But, as I was going away, one of your servants said that you would be, at a certain hour, at Vauxhall."

"Catnip, for a thousand pounds!" interjected the dying man, with some animation.

"I think that was his name," said Marion. "My husband happened to be away from home that night, so I made up my mind to go. But for a long time I could not find you anywhere. At last, just as I was going away, there was a disturbance in the crowd, and I saw you. But you were not able to speak then."

"Upon my soul!" said the baronet, with a feeble grimace, "I should have felt honored, madame, had I been aware . . . Well, I'm rather far gone for gallantry, now. But what could I have told you, eh?"

"I wanted to know about Mr. Grant. Whether he were really your friend Grantley."

"Aye? What did you want to know that for?"

"Because he had bequeathed some money to his nearest of kin. If he were Mr. Grantley, the money would have come to my husband: but not so, if he were some one else. And no one could tell me but you."

"Ha! Well, twenty thousand pounds is worth running some risk for," said the baronet; "and 'twas some

risk to run, begged, going alone to Vauxhall at midnight, my dear! But who withholds the bequest from you? And why didn't you send your husband or your lawyer to make the inquiry?"

"Because there were reasons why I did not wish my husband to receive the legacy; and there was no way to prevent it, except to know that Mr. Grant was not the person he was supposed to be."

Sir Francis seemed not to understand this explanation: it was hardly to be expected he should do so; but, with the indifference to minor inconsistencies natural to his condition, he passed it over; and, after a short pause, he said, reverting to his former idea, "The legacy is safe enough, my dear. Grant was Grantley—that is all the matter with him. If he'd been any one else, I'd not be lying here to-day. Your husband may keep his twenty thousand pounds, and much good may it do him! There's not much worth having in this world, but money's the best worth having of what there is." He stopped for a few moments. "It just happens," he continued, "that 'twas about this same Grantley I wanted to speak to you. 'Tis not worth while, perhaps; but when a man's going to die, a secret is of no good to him—all the more if it's a secret that has been bothering him all his life. I've been the slave of more secrets than one, and they've never shown me any mercy: but 'tis my turn now; for I can reveal 'em, and they can do me no harm! I can laugh at 'em, begad! and not be a penny the worse for it. But for all that, my dear, I wouldn't have told 'em to any one but you. There's something about you—always was—different from any other creature I ever met. Your husband's a lucky fellow; and if he's not the happiest fellow, and the best, that ever breathed, then stifle me if he isn't a fool and a villain!"

"You misjudge me and him," said Marion, speaking between her set teeth. "I am ready to hear about Mr. Grant, Sir Francis." But at this point her self-command gave way, and she burst into a passion of tears—the first she had shed since her quarrel with Philip the morning before. The baronet, who could not suppose that anything he had said had given occasion for this outbreak, allowed himself the flattery of believing that it was compassion for his own state that moved her—a delusion that did neither of them any harm; and possibly it was not so entirely a delusion that some such sentiment may not have added itself to Marion's deeper causes of unhappiness. At all events, by the time she had regained control of herself, the feeling between the two had become gentler and more sympathetic.

"'Tis somewhat late in the day to find a friend who can be sorry for me," remarked the baronet ruefully: "and there have been times when I might have looked for it more than I do now. Grantley and I were friends; but affairs turned out so, that one or other of us had to give up everything: and he was the one to do it. It looks pretty bad, in one way; but the amount of it was that I cared more for myself than I did for him; and there's not many men who might not confess to as much as that. Besides, I had more to lose than he had: I was the head of the house, and the name and the existence of the business would go with me. But 'twas a damned gentlemanly thing of him to do what he did, and I'm free to confess I wouldn't have done it in his place. 'Tis bad enough to suffer for your own fault, but it must be a hard business to go down for the fault of another man—though that's what often happens in this world, whether we want it or not. You see, my dear, there was always a bit of the gambler in me, and I used to have wonderful luck. When I was quite a young fellow, I used to sit

up night after night at the clubs, and it struck me that since where one fortune was made and kept, ten to a score were lost, it would be a good plan to arrange matters so that what so many lost, one should win—and I that one. One thing led to another, and the end of it was that I set up a place called Rackett's—though only two or three men knew that I had anything to do with it; and all I need say about it now is, that more money came to us by that quiet little place, than by the bank itself: aye, a good deal more, begad!

"A hundred times I might have sold out for enough to buy half Old Jewry with; but I liked the fun of the thing, and there seemed no chance of losing. We did lose, at last, though, and by wholesale, too. There was no accounting for it: 'twas more like a special miracle than anything I ever knew of. I knew the luck must change some time, so I kept putting in to fill up the hole, until I put in all of my own that I had in the world. Then I took from the bank: hadn't any business to do it, of course; but it was sure to come all right in the end, if nobody found it out. That was the weak point: somebody did find it out; and Grantley was the man. He came straight to me, and asked me what I was about. I tried to stop him off; but it wouldn't do. He forced me to own up: and then the question came, What was to happen next? I was a ruined man, and the bank was as good as gone, if the truth came out. Grantley was a careful fellow, and he had saved a vast deal of money; and I asked him to help me out of the scrape. We looked into the thing—he cared a great deal for me in those days, and as much, maybe, for the credit of the bank—and found that it would take all he'd got to make good only what was gone from the bank, not to speak of the rest of it; and to make it worse, there was no way of putting the money back without betraying that it had been taken out irregularly.

"But at last he got an idea, and I give him credit for it. 'It must become known, Frank,' he said to me, 'that the bank has been robbed by somebody. You are the bank, and it stands or falls with you. It won't make so much difference about me. You may have what I've got, and I'll leave the country. Let 'em think I took it, and that you replaced it. I can make my own way, somewhere else, under another name; and the concern will be saved. Take care of my wife and child: it won't do to take them with me, but maybe I can send for them after a bit. And do you let gambling alone for the future.'

"It was a good offer, and I took it, as most men would have done in my place. I'm not sure, now, but I might as well have let it alone. At any rate, off he went, and that was the last I heard from him for twenty years, except when I sent him word, a little while after, that his wife had died. He wrote back asking me to educate the child, and do the best I could for her: where he was, was no place for her. Meanwhile, I was contriving to keep along, but no more: we never had any luck after he left. That confounded Rackett's kept draining me: I had ceased to be the owner of the place, as I had promised him; but the other men had a hold on me, by threatening to expose me if I didn't let 'em have what they wanted; and they wanted more than I could find of my own to give 'em. So, what with one thing and another, when he came back under his assumed name last year, he found things pretty nearly in as bad a way as when he went off.

"I may have been mistaken," continued the baronet, speaking in a more uncertain tone; "but I had been worried so much, and had so much underhand fighting to do, that I thought Grantley meant me no good. He

had in his possession some papers—letters that had passed between us, and other things—that enabled him, if he chose, to turn me out of house and home and into jail at a day's notice. I might have stood it for myself; but there was my boy Tom: and I felt that I could sooner kill Grantley than let Tom know I hadn't been what they call an honest man. There was Perdita, too: he would be sure to make himself known to his own daughter if to nobody else; and he wouldn't be likely to do that without letting her know that he was not the man who robbed the bank. And if Perdita knew it, all London would know it, for she never was a friend of mine, and would jump at a chance to ruin me."

"You are wrong," said Marion, who was sitting with her hands tightly clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed with a sad sternness upon the narrator: "Madame Desmoines has had the papers within her reach for six months, and has never opened them until, perhaps, yesterday."

"Well, right or wrong makes no difference now. I tried to make Grantley give me back the papers, by fair means: and when he refused, I was more than ever persuaded he meant mischief; so I resolved to get them in spite of him. I found he always carried them about with him: and then I thought there was no way for it but to hire a footpad to rob him. But it was too risky a job to trust to any one"

Marion rose, and stood, with one trembling hand grasping the back of her chair. She could bear it no longer.

"Don't tell me any more!" she exclaimed, in a low, almost threatening voice. "I know the rest. You did it yourself, Sir Francis. You killed him—you murdered him in the dark: and he was the noblest, sweetest, most generous of men, and never harmed a human being!

Can nothing make you feel that you have been wicked? And you tried to kill him once before—yes! that night of the thunderstorm. A man like you has no right to die! You ought to live forever, and have no rest!"

"Well, my dear," said the baronet, not seeming to feel much emotion, "Providence is more merciful than you are, though not so just, I dare say: it doesn't give a man earthly immortality on account of his sins. You see, I can't feel as shocked at myself as you do; I've known myself so long, I've got used to it. And if you would think over my crimes, quietly, for the next twenty years or so, maybe you'd not be so anxious to have me damned. We are what we are, and some of us have bad luck into the bargain. That's all! I'm glad you found me out, however you did it; for I don't believe I should have had the pluck to confess I killed him, when it came to the point. It was a dirty piece of business; and if it hadn't been for . . . one thing, I was just as likely to put the bullet into my own heart as his. But," continued the dying man, by a great effort raising himself in his bed, and lifting his arms, while the blood rushed to his face, making it dark and lurid, "but when I knew that in taking his life I had been led on to take the life of my own darling boy—that I loved a thousand times more than I hated anybody else—by the living God, I could have murdered Grantley over again, out of revenge!"

These are the last words known to have been uttered by Sir Francis Bendibow. He became unconscious soon after, and died the same afternoon. They were terrible words; and yet, when Marion recalled them long afterwards, it seemed to her that there might be, perhaps, something in them indicative of a moral state less abjectly depraved than was suggested by his previous half-complacent apathy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTUS PACIFICATOR.

In the martial Cæsar's tent,
Pitched where all his legions lay,
Stood a messenger unsent
By great Rome far leagues away.

By the sentinel without
Challenged not, he entered in;
And his presence 'round about
Shone in vision pale and thin.

Then aroused the sleeping chief,
Looking stern command of men:
"Who art thou? thy business brief;
I would rest and sleep again."

And the form, in accents mild,
Heavenly in face and head,
With the spirit of a child,
To expectant Cæsar said:

"Mighty Cæsar, born to sway
Roman, Briton, Gaul in one;
Where thy eagles fly, dismay
Seizes all beneath the sun!

"On this question much intent:
'What to other men is due'—
This still night have I been sent
By my Master unto you.

"Life is His, not, Cæsar, thine;
He so worthy holdeth all,
That with equal eye divine
Marks He if a sparrow fall."

Cæsar answered, void of doubt:
"But one way since laws have been—
Armies strong for foes without,
Cell and cross for crime within."

"But the Master sayeth, 'Peace
Is the victory to be won
When the Cæsar's will shall cease,
In the nations to be done.'"

"Say what master this of thine?
Where hath he his lofty throne?
Rome is far, yet master mine,
Here or there, I do not own."

"He of mightiest kings is King—
All the earth is His domain,"
Said the vision, vanishing
'Mid the tents of Cæsar's train.

Up arose great Cæsar then,
But his kindling wrath forbore,
Looking dread command of men—
And, behold, his dream was o'er.

GEORGE WENTE.

A HINDU RING.

AN Indian priest was saying his evening prayers on the *ghaut*, or broad flight of steps which led down into the river for the convenience of bathers. The narrow belt of thread suspended like a sash from his left shoulder proclaimed him to be a Brahmin.

He had finished his ablutions and was making a small line of ashes in the middle of his forehead, and his countenance, as he gazed at the setting sun, was rapt in ecstatic contemplation with the spirit he had sought and found even amidst the sensuous maze of a surrounding idolatry.

This man was one who came as near realizing in his proper person the nobler aspirations of the Hindus, as it is possible for frail humanity in any land to incarnate the teachings of its religious books.

He strove, as the Vedas taught, to "oppose to the attacks of sin a heart as hard as a diamond; to make no difference between friends and enemies, and to exercise over each the same benevolence; to expend all his energy in dispelling the gloom of ignorance in which mankind is plunged; to thrust far from him every criminal impulse and practice acts of virtue."

A terrible interruption, however, was stealing upon his devout meditations. Was it written that *now* was the appointed time for him to pass into another of those repeated births, through which, after the expiration of ages, he could hope to enter Nirvana—the mystical union with the divine essence?

One of the deadliest serpents of India was gliding noiselessly along the steps toward his feet—one moment more, and it would be too late. Suddenly, a swift and well-aimed missile, though only a stone, cleft the neck of the baleful reptile, and writhing in hideous contortions it fell into the river among the aquatic plants at the base of the *ghaut*.

The native turned, and in an instant understood his deliverance. Nor was it the first favor received from the same source. At a little distance from him stood the American who had charge of the mission at Agea.

With stately simplicity he stretched out his right hand toward his preserver, who was smiling pleasantly at him, and pronounced the word, "*asirvadam!*" (benediction). Then he thanked him in Hindustanee, with the flowery rhetoric characteristic of his language, for the admirable presence of mind which had saved him; he also alluded forcibly to the revolting ceremonies of serpent-worship sometimes practiced at the festivals of Siva. He was tinged with the purer philosophy of Buddha, and the groveling superstition of Naga-worship was abhorrent to his soul. Hence he doubly welcomed the blow the missionary's steady hand had dealt.

What could he do in return to reward the foreigner who had been the manifestation of the Divine will in his behalf? "The sound of charitable deeds is heard through the three worlds." Pausing to reflect a moment, the Hindu took a ring from his own finger, recited over it a famous *mantra*, or prayer only used by priests, in a solemn whisper the missionary could not have understood had it been audible, for it was in Sanscrit, invoking for him purity of motive, good health and felicity after death. He pressed this gift upon his acceptance; there was even a note of warning in his

soft accent, which suggested that for some unexplained reason refusal might be dangerous.

"Never part with this ring!" he added impressively. "you, nor your children after you." The minister examined the bauble—of what use could such an ornament be to him? He decided at a glance, it was of little or no intrinsic value, simply a dull, rusty black stone of considerable size, but devoid of artistic beauty. He would accept it, however, in the spirit of the offering, as a souvenir of a good man's gratitude; it would be an agreeable reminder of one exception to native apathy and craft.

With courteous expressions of thanks, he withdrew further along the landing-place to enjoy the evening air from the river, and to taste after a tropical day that delicious repose which is the happiness of the East.

Fifteen years later found the missionary enjoying his eternal rest after a long day of labor, and his only daughter, Irene, far from India, far from that white dream of architecture, the Taj-Mahal, in whose shadow at Agra her childhood and youth had been spent. She had inherited her father's virtues, his poverty and the Brahmin's ring. A lone woman now, in our own city of Philadelphia, she was visiting some friends of her mother, until her future should assume a more definite cast; and yet not quite alone, in spite of her orphanhood.

Her lover, Elmer Paulson, himself a returned Indian exile, was trying, with some prospect of success, to obtain a professorship of oriental history and literature in one of our colleges. Since the failure of his father's commercial interests at Calcutta, a few years before, he had been engaged, in addition to his own studies, in tutoring the son of a progressive native gentleman, an adherent of the reformed Hinduism of the "Brahmo-Somaj"—one who was strong enough to relax for himself and his family the fetters of caste, and was in sympathetic intercourse with his British rulers. In association with the subtle intellect of the liberal and emancipated Hindu, Paulson's own mind had ripened in a kind of religious twilight. Irene, the scion of an orthodox stock, could never obtain a definition of his creed, but this had not been necessary through that long sea-voyage in order to gain her heart. It was a love born of moonlight isolation and the attraction that lies in a similar destination.

One evening, after their arrival in Philadelphia, they were sitting together by the firelight in Mrs. Wilbur's parlor; the gas was burning in the next room, but they preferred a degree of obscurity in their own neighborhood. His hand somehow came in contact with the ring on her finger.

"It is a homely thing, isn't it?" said she. "But I value it for dear father's sake. He always wore it. He had a tinge of romance in his composition."

"Of course you will never lay it aside," said her lover, as though some special fancy of his own were prompting the injunction. "Promise me you never will, Irene!" One would have said he was speaking quite seriously. "What do we know about anything, after all? Is it impossible that the blessing of a good man should be

ratified in heaven from Agra? Is heaven any farther from there than from other places? Revelation is everywhere that man thinks and loves and suffers. God is manifested in all things, and all things are a part of Him."

"Pantheist!" exclaimed Irene, rebukingly. "In plain language, I suppose all this means that you would treat this ring with profound respect if it belonged to you; and so I intend to treat it. But what do you think of its being broken on the under side—the hoop where it is thinnest, you know? It must have snapped this morning, when I was romping with the children, for I had not noticed it before."

"What do I think? That you had better take it to the jeweler's to be mended to-morrow. Stay there while he is doing it, mind; for if the prerogative attached to the ring should be that you would vanish into thin air if you let it go out of your sight, the result might be rather awkward. In view of this grave responsibility," he added playfully, "I cannot offer to attend to the matter for you."

He rose to leave.

"Must you go?"

Then, after a number of those last tender whispers which bear no repetition—like mineral waters, their most valuable properties escape when taken away from the spring—he bade her good night. She remained a while on the sofa pondering over his words.

The next morning she carried her ring to the most prominent jewelry establishment in the city. One of the firm chanced to wait on her, and examining the fracture with the usual air of professional indifference, something suddenly occurred to him.

"May I take this ring to the back of the store?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir."

After a short delay he reappeared, with a curious smile overspreading his countenance.

"Do you know what stone you have here?"

"No; I do not."

"Something exceedingly rare—a *black diamond*. They are seldom seen in this country. I presume they must be bought up by the wealthy natives in the regions where they are found, and—"

"How much is this worth?" interrupted Miss Van Wyck, with wild impatience.

"Well, I should say a firm that really cared to invest so much capital in one article, taking the chances of a purchaser, might give twelve or fifteen thousand dollars for the stone." She started visibly. "We have in all of our own winter stock. Why do you not take it to New York? That, of course, is the great commercial metropolis of the country, and your chances would be ten there to one here of disposing of it advantageously. I think I know a man there who will be glad to buy it—Mr. Seabright, the celebrated lapidary. You will find his address in the directory."

Was it strange if the next train that whisked out of the "Pennsylvania Station" carried Irene and all her fortunes to New York? Nor did she wait to consult Elmer Paulson.

"I will return to-morrow with the money," she promised herself exultingly.

The Rev. Mr. Talbot, an old classmate of her father's, had a pastoral charge in an unfashionable locality; he and his wife had recently invited her to visit them when she felt so disposed; she would go there for the night, mentioning only that she had come to the city unexpectedly on business. How far their simple, friendly converse that evening seemed from her secret thoughts! One

Irene answered their questions mechanically, another at the same time was busily engaged in draping the scenery of the future.

In the morning she found her way to Mr. Seabright's. It was an early hour; no customers were in the store, and a meagre, weird-looking old gentleman advanced to meet her.

"I wish you to examine this ring, and give me your opinion of it," she said quietly.

He invited her to be seated, got his magnifier, gazed a while in solemn silence, then broke out suddenly, as though he could no longer contain himself:

"Ah, you have something wonderfully nice here, madam! We have a couple of small black diamonds ourselves, but nothing comparable to this marvel. I should like to know the history of this ring. Pardon my curiosity, but I am something of an antiquary in my tastes. I see a device engraved in some ancient characters inside of the hoop. This was one of the peculiarities of the old talismanic rings of the East, and the diamond," he added, "from its purity and lustre, was reputed to have a special potency in warding off evil and pain; it was the fabled guardian of innocence, and was consecrated to all the celestial virtues. This has very little lustre at present, it is almost in its natural condition, but if it were properly cut it would be a veritable black 'mountain of light.' Its glory has been hidden through the centuries, and may not even have been suspected by some of its owners. I see where an attempt has, at some time or other, been made to polish the stone, but its hardness resisted the instruments then known; most of its native husk still clings to it. The art of stone-cutting was very imperfectly practiced until the fifteenth century. In the hands of our modern artisans you will see what a beauty this diamond will become!"

"I am not thinking of having it cut. I came to dispose of it. Will you buy it of me?"

Mr. Seabright inspected his visitor with considerable curiosity; he noted that she was very pretty woman, and he was a connoisseur of female beauty—if he did resemble a fossil himself—as well as of rare gems. He did not at once answer her question, but kept turning the ring round and round on his finger.

"Would you say the ring was very old?" she asked; then, thinking to enhance his interest, she gave him those points in its history with which she was herself acquainted, mentioning her father's name and that of the native who had given it to him.

"I should say it was certainly middle-aged, from the setting and shape, and it may be very old. I have spent the greater part of my life in studying the nature and origin of gems. In addition to the value of the stone, which may be some eighteen thousand dollars, the ring itself, in the hands of some purchasers, would assume almost an arbitrary value as a curio, an antique. I'll tell you what we can do. I cannot promise to-day, Miss Van Wyck, to purchase this article at its full value; we will take the matter under consideration. Meantime, in your own interest, I would recommend you to do still better, if opportunity offers. Have your ring exhibited. I will introduce you myself, if you will allow me," he added, gushing with combined admiration for the woman and the ring.

Before night, the ring was mounted in a crimson velvet case in a conspicuous place in a grand show-window, with a serene policeman standing guard over it. Underneath it was a large, closely-written card, bearing the following inscription, for which Miss Van Wyck was not wholly responsible:

"A Brahmin's ring of remote antiquity. The stone is the largest black diamond ever on exhibition in the United States. This ring, with its Sanscrit devices, is one of the most famous talismans of the Middle Ages. History first meets it along with the 'Kohinoor,' at the conquest of Agra and defeat of the native Prince of Golconda. Later, it is supposed to have been a gift of Shah Jehan, the Mogul Emperor, to his beloved Sultana, Noor Jehan, over whom, it will be remembered, he erected the world-renowned mausoleum, the Taj-Mahal. It is believed that after her death, in a transport of gratitude for his faithful services to the deceased, he bestowed this ring upon one of her eunuuchs, and henceforth, in some mysterious way, it came to be associated with the practice of virtue."

"Of course it had become impossible now for Irene to return at once to Philadelphia. She wrote to Elmer Paulson, telling him of all she had done and still hoped to do. His answer jarred strangely upon her mood. It had a far-off tone she had never noticed in words of his before. Was it that his epistolary style was new to her? "With regard to the matter of the ring," he said, with what seemed to her a chilling reticence, "you must continue to act as your judgment dictates." This surely was not disapproval, but it was equally remote from enthusiasm, and the unpleasant impression of distance between them remained with Irene. She was too much pre-occupied to analyze it very closely, but it was due to the fact that his letter was addressed to her spiritual standpoint of several days ago, and her horizon had changed. She had traveled too fast for him.

Mr. Seabright so thoroughly enjoyed a genuine anti-quarian problem that he was more than willing to thicken the atmosphere of mystery which already hung around the ring. One morning two small black diamonds were by its side, which no one remembered to have seen there before.

"Singular, is it not?" remarked the lapidary to a gentleman of his acquaintance, who was studying the phenomenon. "There is a legend to the effect that a certain kind of diamond has the property—supposed to pertain to living things alone—of reproducing species."

"A kind of crystalline budding, you might call it. I see!" said the gentleman addressed, "*gemmation*. That must be where the naturalists get the word. Very clear, indeed!"

They both laughed at their own facetiousness, and Mr. Wellington Gordon, when he reached his elegant home near the Park, told his wife of the conversation he had had.

"Welly," said that lady, after reflecting a moment, "I do believe this Irene Van Wyck is my cousin."

"It occurred to me at the time, though I didn't tell old Seabright."

"Poor, dear Cousin Harmanus! He used to say Irene was his favorite name. It means peace—"

"An excellent thing in woman!" interrupted her husband.

"It must be his daughter. There are not many Van Wycks," she sighed. It was a tribute to the "long ago," the secret summer half-hours in leafy paths, stolen from his studies in Hindustanee. "Go with him to India?" Of course not, but she could cherish his memory always. That involved no sacrifice.

"To think how he yearned over those horrid Rajahs and Sepoys!" She spoke this aloud. "I was surprised they let him die in his bed, that they did not chop him to pieces at Cawnpore."

"Small credit to the rascals," returned Mr. Gordon. "He would have been chopped fast enough if he had been there. I'm very sure we can prove an alibi to account for their tender mercies."

The result of this conference was that Miss Van Wyck was called upon in her obscure retreat, the cousinship substantiated, and she was swiftly transferred from the protection of the Reverend Talbots to that of the Wellington Gordons.

When the carriage was sent to convey her away to another sphere, the minister himself helped her in, waving aside the important footman. He retained her hand a moment in his parting salutation.

"God bless you, my child!" he said solemnly. "Take care of your soul!"

"I will—I will!" And a tide of emotion swept over her, which seemed to come over warm seas from afar, and rise in a holy spring out of her father's grave.

In the week which ensued, Irene's little craft was ever touching upon foreign and enchanted shores. Her experience might have been confined to Mrs. Gordon's select circle, had not an unforeseen incident widely spread its boundaries.

A talented artist sat near her one night at the opera, and fascinated by the possibilities of her face, with a ready pencil caught it on his libretto. Soon after, a highly suggestive picture appeared at the Academy, called, "A Charm against the Evil Eye." It represented a woman in the soft clinging draperies of the Orient, and wreathed about her were the tender-hued blossoms of the sacred lotus. She was standing in the columned shade of a banyan tree, through whose branches vivid red gleams fell upon her face and form. The white silk folds of the "*chudder*" were thrown back from her head, disclosing, not, as one might expect from the surroundings, the dark, dreamy lineaments of the East, but the fair, golden-haired beauty of Irene Van Wyck, idealized to an almost supernal lustre, such as might be her's in some rare moment of exaltation. It had the effect of a glorious sunrise out of a tropical midnight. Round one of the rooted branches of the banyan, a serpent was coiled, and the woman with an angelic gesture of command was holding up a warning finger, on which was recognized the "Brahmin's ring," then on exhibition at the bazar. In the very coil of the serpent, the expression of his direful head, the artist had subtly depicted awe and submission. The genius had contrived to suggest to the mind of the imaginative observer, not only the spell of the talisman, but the idea as old as the world, of beauty's power to subdue all things unto itself, and to disarm even the most malign influences. The artist, besides increasing his own fame, had inspired every one with a desire to see the original of his picture.

Miss Van Wyck became the romance of art circles in New York.

She paused sometimes in her delightful course of art receptions, "afternoon teas," and "evenings at home," to wonder why Elmer Paulson did not come to see her, he who had the first claim upon her—Philadelphia so near, too—even his letters were growing fewer and colder. "What has come over him?" she asked with a proud instinct of self-appreciation. She forgot to measure the tone of her own letters of late. "The wind bloweth where it listeth"—she could not be responsible for the atmospheric changes it created.

Meanwhile Mr. Seabright, the guardian she had appointed to the ring, was not destined to become its possessor.

Young Vandergrift was making up a choice regalia for his bride, he saw the famous ring and learned that the price was steadily rising; last week it could have been bought for \$20,000, now the owner must be consulted to see if he could have it for \$22,000. Un-

willing to risk the chance of a higher bid from some one else, "I will make it \$25,000, and let that close the bargain," he said—what were two or three extra thousands to him when he wanted a thing?

This offer was accepted; the ring became his.

"Irene will have enough at least to insure her against absolute want and the horrible drudgery of governessing," remarked her cousin, Mrs. Gordon, complacently to her lord. "She must marry wealth; of course she will not make us so poor a return as to do otherwise."

It was true that Mr. R. Bruce Symington was already acting the rôle of an incipient suitor.

"Don't tell me that he is not handsome, nor specially brilliant," said Mrs. Gordon to Irene; "he is so comfortably off; worth half a million, maybe more now, in his own right, with a prospect of a fortune at his mother's death. She can't live forever—and he is really unusually gentlemanly; don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes!" responded Irene, readily.

"Wear that white crape dress the Hindus embroidered to the Symingtons' ball to-morrow night, and I will lend you my garland of water-lilies. I want your costume to suggest India—keep up the lotus illusion."

Irene smiled dreamily.

The next evening she was at the Symingtons'. About midnight the heir-apparent lured her away from the ball-room into an adjoining conservatory. Here the rich, exotic plant-life was lighted by colored silk lanterns, cunningly arranged with reference to mirrors, so that they saw themselves wandering through long vistas of azaleas, camellias and palm trees.

He began with the usual commonplaces about the evening, the dance, the Italian opera; but the aromatic air, the roseate light, the mysterious shadows which enveloped the young girl's ethereal loveliness; more than all, the wine he had taken so freely with his guests—were too much for his senses. Their combined influence crept over him with an overwhelming power.

His grasp closed upon her ungloved hand, which rested lightly on his arm, with a vigorous, meaning pressure. She drew it away with a quick, indignant cry of rebellion.

"Stay, beautiful Irene!" he implored. "It is Paradise when you are here."

Then the song-birds, whose home was among the palm branches, started a wild accompaniment to his voice.

"Even the birds tell us to love. You will not go away from New York, as you were saying just now. You will stay here. You will marry me, and make me all you wish. Will you not?"

He leant over her with the intent, eager pleading of a lover who will not be refused; but no answering chord awoke in her heart. Physically he was repulsive to her,

with his dark, Jewish face and his passionate tones; mentally they were fathoms apart. Nature's self had put them asunder.

But just then she glanced between the velvet portières at the dancers in the distance, where a bewildering sheen of satin, lace and jewels reflected the blaze of myriads of wax candles and soft lamps; the melting, sympathetic strains of the waltz enthralled her, and the sensuous perfume of hyacinths near by wafted her into a region where it seemed impossible to resign all that wealth alone could bring.

She stood spell-bound by this thought—the slave of luxury enchained by "the things of the earth, earthy." She need only give herself in return for all these—and why not?

"I shall revel in an esthetic atmosphere forever! . . . Forever?"

Then a sudden agony convulsed her. It could not be forever, and the minister's warning words came back to her. "My child, take care of your soul!"

"My soul? Have I already lost it? How many souls do we have in life? Where is the first unsullied soul of Irene Van Wyck, to whom love and duty were all things, and a simple home with Elmer Paulson the Eden of hope? Did that soul go with the ring?"

Her silence had inspired Symington with fresh boldness; he essayed to draw her head down upon his shoulder in the bliss of yielding. She broke away from him. Her face now recalled the picture at the Academy. The clairvoyant genius of the artist had foreseen this moment.

Would the angel latent in the woman assert itself?

She found words at last—

"Oh, where is my charm against the Evil Eye?"

And she awoke!

She had been dreaming.

There was the ring on her finger; she felt the break on the under side. She was not in R. Bruce Symington's conservatory in New York. She was in Mrs. Wilbur's small parlor in Philadelphia; some one had come into the adjoining room while she was asleep, turned up the gas, and was playing one of the Strauss waltzes—"On the Blue Danube;" the white hyacinths Elmer Paulson had given her early in the evening were spending their sweetness on her bosom. When could she have fallen asleep?

It must be very late, for she remembered hearing ten strike not very long after Elmer left her. By the flickering firelight she looked in stupefied inquiry at the face of the clock on the mantel. The hands pointed to *nine minutes past ten*.

"Oh, God! is it possible?" she gasped, "a life drama in nine minutes! O Time! what is eternity?"

FANNY ALBERT DOUGHTY.



THE HOUSEHOLD—NEW WINE AND OLD BOTTLES.

THE hour which brought this continent to view rung the knell of the old order of social as well as domestic life. All things not founded on essential principles must fade like the leaves, among them old styles of labor as well as government. Is it not written in our constitutions that we should work physically and mentally, yet no one overwork; that we should have some, but not too much responsibility? It follows that the use and dignity of work to every human being is as certain as a law in mathematics.

Our forefathers brought their habits packed with their goods across the Atlantic, and they are not yet remodeled to suit changed conditions. New wine was put into old bottles. It is left for America to prepare new bottles—the wine is already fermenting.

The present tedious method of going through the week's work under each roof is something which the ingenuity of man, with his means for working out his plans, would long since have relegated to the past as monotonous, cumbrous and worthy of the civilization of Egypt. And he would be right. Though a certain amount of drudgery attaches itself to every form of labor, in-doors and out, in the latter case it has been reduced to a minimum, while in the former it drags its slow length along in a manner not comfortable with the spirit of the times.

Over it all we hear the clang of college doors thrown wide as at some "Open Sesame," and the girl-graduate emerges with a store of 'ologies as her contribution to the sum of suggestion and experiment. It is questionable how far she will be able to render them useful or pleasurable. Constantly increasing demands must be made upon her attention, and, as yet, there are only the same twenty-four hours in each day. And there is danger that when the girl has become a sedate matron, an enormous load of details will leave her either superficial or exhausted.

For it is not with impunity that we "touch and go and sip the foam of many lives." What is gained in celerity is lost in depth. There is a law of equivalents—we cannot have everything. Some golden grains will slip between the fingers which clutch too greedily. It would be better to move slowly, grasp one nugget and hold it closely, rather than so much precious sand, which, easy to toss from hand to hand, is equally easy to lose.

This is one of the problems of modern life. Too many things are done under one roof to be done well. It is a fact that all inventions, like comets, drag along trails with them. The cares which follow make new demands, and the complicated house machinery must adjust itself to the improvement. New scientific appliances, while shortening that particular labor to which it belongs, make new wants and enhance labor, while they render responsibilities more onerous. Moreover, they require intelligent labor, and that is daily growing more difficult to obtain. Does it need long arguments to convince us that they should be managed at a central office for a group of families, instead of making each housekeeper her own engineer? May not co-operation of certain kinds of labor, and the simplification of others, without jeopardizing family life, be the true way to surmount our difficulties?

Some remedy must be found, at all events, for the diseases which afflict modern civilization. A primitive four-roomed cottage, built upon the frontier, while it contains more comforts, also contains more cares than a palace in the ages not long before the time of good Queen Bess. The latter had neither glazed windows nor stoves nor flooring. The walls once hung with tapestry needed no change for generations. The straw on the beaten earth, which served for a floor, was occasionally replaced with fresh litter—think of it, ye fastidious housewives! But there was neither the scrubbing of deal boards, the oiling

of polished woods, the shaking of rugs nor the beating of carpets. Massive furniture, once in position, remained fixed, though dynasties changed. My Lady, stately and gracious, wrought with her maids, Penelope-like, upon her endless broidery. Through the long, slow years her unhesitating fingers drew the needles in and out as steadily as the shuttle of Time itself. Her placid brain was never troubled by the precise meaning of agnosticism or Neo-Platonism. Truly, that which suited the old order of things can in no wise satisfy the later. Let us make ready the new bottles, the old are useless.

Things of the same kind, physical and mental, correlate with and correspond one with another. The sharp, clear atmosphere of our age and country, the long vistas, the expanse and range and diversity, tend to break down narrow boundaries of thought. Poetic vagueness gives place to noble, severe forms, to clear-cut contours and to sensibilities which are altogether too quick and intense to be comfortable. One cannot but be struck, at any gathering, by the fine mosaic outlines of faces, particularly among women. There is an electric quality in the atmosphere, tending to foster sensitiveness and nourish the artistic temperament. A brilliant sun reveals so much more than one immersed in a sea of vapor that vision has become painfully acute. Discoveries in aniline shades and tints have increased this tendency, for each hue has its harmonies and incongruities, its loves and hates.

With this is increased sensibility to flavor. Food is changed, not only in kind, but in manner of preparation, daily. The list of puddings, with their sauces, in almost every cook-book, is an illustration. To make acquaintance with that one kind of dessert, is a liberal education in a certain way, and the compounding of many a

"Lucent syrup, 'tinct with cinnamon,"

challenges the wit of the oldest housekeeper.

All this reacts upon our woman of to-day. Her world is made up of little things. Hues, flavors, forms, need to be almost as accurately balanced as in a chemist's laboratory. This mental and physical tension serves to make her curious, responsive, enthusiastic. Every nerve surface is exposed. Restless activities fret and chafe while they stimulate. Various demands leave little time for her naturally tender and loving spirit to draw from the great reservoir of Infinite Love, the flow of which no invention can destroy, and the sweetly healing power of which is so necessary to allay the friction that cold and rudely-jarring intellects engender.

The spirit of the age, like a monster polyp, stretches out its numberless tentacles in all directions. Its mouths drink in everything; they seize and put to use the waste of former generations. Things are resolved nearer and still nearer to their elements or element. Thought soars to Heaven; it sinks to the nether world. It is ubiquitous, all-daring and all-knowing. The unfolding of interior powers, together with the perfection and harmony with which they are expressed, mark the degree by which man is removed from the savage state.

We will gladly take all this new wine, and prepare bottles fit to hold its exhilarating essence, but we must first learn how. It is a household problem which demands solution at womanly hands.

In other words, how shall we find that golden mean which runs through all forms of life, like some sweet, haunting melody through earth's jangling noises, now making discord and now inspiring music, as it clangs from the cabin on the prairie to the proudest mansion of the proud old world?

HESTER M. POOLE.



The Late Republican Party.

"IS HE DEAD?" was the solemn query of the great American humorist, as he gazed upon the bust of Christopher Columbus. A like inquiry has been widely propounded and variously answered during the past few weeks in regard to the party which has controlled the national government for the past twenty-two years in all its departments, except for a brief period in the legislative branch, but which suffered a defeat altogether unparalleled in extent and completeness at the late election. In regard to the consequences of this defeat opinions differ very widely, according to the standpoint of various observers. As a rule, they may be classed under three separate heads:

1. The greater part of the journals of Democratic proclivities, while admitting that the result is very largely due to the action of dissatisfied Republicans, yet insist that it is the end of Republican success, and is but the prelude to the final overthrow of that party in 1884.
2. Those Republicans who contributed to the result either by inaction or by actively consorting with the opposition, strenuously maintain that the Republican party has been made stronger and purer, and its probabilities of life very greatly improved by the defeat it has received.
3. Those Republicans who remained true to the party organization, either agree with the Democratic opinion, first above expressed, or cling to a vague hope that some happy accident of the future may re-unite the shattered fragments of the party, and give it a new lease of power in 1884.

Those who entertain the novel theory that a party is made strong by defeat, proceed upon the hypothesis that voters are like wild turkeys, which, having been scattered by some intruder, never fail to return upon the morrow to their last roosting-place. In so doing, they greatly overestimate the force of the *animus revertendi* in the political deserter. While it is true that he cannot entirely divest himself of the habits of thought acquired in the past, or at once lay aside the principles which he has for a considerable time supported, yet the very fact that he has abandoned the party organization without espousing the principles of the opposition, adds not a little to the chances against his speedy return to its ranks. Every one who remained faithful to the party naturally regards such a recalcitrant as a traitor, who has betrayed its interests once and may do so again. It is useless to allege purity of motive and a desire to cure the ills of the party organism. For those who voted the Republican ticket in the late election to admit this plea would be to brand themselves as unpatriotic, corrupt and infamous. If the party was so corrupt as to compel rebellion on the part of honest men, what must be the character of those who remained? The stronger the claim of purity and patriotism put forth by the "Independent" or "Liberal" as a justification for his conduct, the less likely is it that he will ever be found in the Republican fold again. He must either admit himself to have been something of a fool or a good deal of a knave, or else those who remain must admit the infamy of their

own associations, if not their personal unworthiness and corruption in order to justify such a course upon his part. These are things that very few men are inclined to do. As long as there is a half-way house open, they will be likely to go there, or, at least, tarry in some political Jericho until their beards shall have grown sufficiently to enable them to pass as strangers in their accustomed haunts. A considerable proportion of what were known as "Greeley Republicans" in 1872 worked their way back to the party fold through the Greenback pasture only after several years of political vagrancy. Many of them had only just returned in time to meet the wholesale discomfiture of this late election. Pride of opinion and the instinct of self-approbation almost compel the apostate to continue his opposition, and at the same time incline the faithful followers of the party to spurn the support of their recreant associates.

This is the feeling which affects the average voter of the factions into which the Republican party has been broken. With the leaders—the active workers of the two hostile wings—the sentiment is much more intense. The course of the one has been a direct and bitter assault on the other. Personal hatred and antagonism is largely blended with the general feeling of humiliation and chagrin. The defection from the Republican ranks was not merely a question of method or morals, it was also an outlet through which all the rancor, hatred and disappointed ambition of the party found vent. Every would-be patriot who had been debarred the privilege of serving his country in official position by a lack of appreciation on the part of his party associates, took this occasion to avenge himself for their stupidity. Every one whose heart burned with envy at the success of another who chanced to be a candidate, seized this opportunity to gratify his animosity under the guise of patriotic zeal for reform and amendment. The long career of power which the Republican party has enjoyed has developed a very numerous crop of aspirants for every office within its gift. Men have served and waited, sought and failed, until for every place there was a train of aspirants, every one of whose claims to enjoy its emoluments were, to his own apprehension, infinitely better than those of any other. This feeling was, of course, shared to a greater or less degree in every such case by a personal following more or less extensive. From various motives these men, and such as they could influence espoused the cause of the Republican dissenters. Very many realized, also, that there was no reasonable chance for them to obtain recognition in the existing organization, being ranked and handicapped by more fortunate, if not more deserving men. This class contributed also its quota to the column of the malcontents. Each one of these desired to put the knife to the jugular of some particular enemy, or remove some special obstacle from their own path. Their hatred of the "boss" was a personal animosity for some particular "boss," who either had interfered, or was likely to interfere, with the individual aspirations of that particular representative of "decency and morality in political methods;" and because of this they went with their manacles to the camp of the enemy.

Of course, this feeling is well understood, and the instances in which it was displayed, greatly multiplied by the "thick and thin" adherents of the party; but especially is every man suspected of such a motive marked by the defeated candidates and workers of the party as a fit and proper subject for resentment.

The result of this state of facts is that a feeling of animosity now exists between the leading men of the two factions that still claim to constitute the Republican party, which has never existed between the individual representatives of the Republican and Democratic parties in any of the Northern states. The one wing openly rejoices in the defeat of the party of which it still professes to be a constituent element, and declares by its accredited organs that this defeat is "a triumph for the decent elements of the party." This assumption, not only of superior virtue, but of all the virtue of the party, is promptly met by the other wing with the charge of "treason to the party and its principles," hypocrisy, insincerity and a desire to compel the majority to yield to the will of a minority. The men who now entertain and avow such sentiments for each other are contemptible neither in numbers, ability nor influence. They have fought shoulder to shoulder for many years and their alienation has in it nothing of the evanescence attaching to the lovers' quarrel.

The one has been smitten by the other. It was not Democratic strength, but Republican defection that caused the defeat. Every active Republican who stood to his colors in the late election has had a poisoned arrow planted in his flesh. Even if his assailants were inclined to refrain from taunts it is doubtful if the sting could be assuaged. He who has been hamstrung by a blow in the rear is not apt to forget it. The limp which makes him an object of ridicule is pretty sure to prevent his doing so even if he would. So with one whose ambition has been plucked and his pride humbled. He is not likely to forget it, and, while he remembers, is very apt to compass revenge if in his power. It is not a few head men—it is not a score of "bosses" of national repute—who alone are affected thus. In every county, in every township, almost in every school district, are to be found one or more types of this class. They are men whose force of character, will, activity, capacity for leadership, have made them leaders. They may be overmatched in all these qualities by members of the opposing faction. Whether they are or not is immaterial. They are men of power, and consequently men of passion. They will give blow for blow. Wounded unto death, they will nourish their remaining strength to revenge themselves upon those who have stricken them. They are dead, so far as every hope of future success is concerned. There can be no doubt of that. The dissatisfied Republicans have shown their ability and willingness to kill. They have enabled the common enemy to triumph. They have demonstrated, what everybody knew before, that only a united Republican party could succeed. The great contestants have long been so evenly matched that the change of one vote in a thousand would, in many states, overthrow a majority. By their action they have made it reasonably impossible that the hostile factions can ever be united—at least until after the party has suffered one national defeat.

This reverse has been frequently compared to that which befell the Republican party in 1874. There is, in fact, no parallel between them. Then there was no hostility, no rancor, no clearly-defined line of internecine strife. It was only lethargy, inaction, or undefined dissatisfaction that brought disaster then. There was no factional bitterness displayed. The party fought under terrible disadvantages. There were some desertions; very many shirked the conflict; men were oppressed with a terrible burden of financial disaster, and vaguely hoped that change might bring relief, but no one whetted his knife for the slaughter of his comrade, and no one felt when the conflict was over that he had been made a victim of revenge or

been betrayed by the ambition or envy of an ally. This state of feeling is one that is not easily overcome. Men are human, whether "Stalwart" or "Half-Breeds," and it is fair to presume that the proportion of patriotism and honesty in the one faction is not perceptibly different from that in the other. Men do not readily forgive each other for calling them either "scoundrels" or "traitors," even though such appellations are well deserved. Only the fusing heat of some great national crisis can bring the two factions together so as to act harmoniously in the campaign of 1884. There may be protestations of union. The pipe of peace may be smoked in crowded wigwams. The hatchet may be buried with ceremonious ostentation. Kisses may be exchanged. Sorrow and pardon and oaths of fidelity may seem to mark a complete reconciliation, but the lesson which the "Stalwarts" have been taught in '82, the "Independents" are morally certain to learn in '84. The Republican party, as a distinctive political organization, is as dead to-day as if Cheops had been builded over its ashes. There exists now only one party—the Democratic—which is warranted to resist all change, no matter what the exposure. Over against it are set two hostile factions, either of which would rather the Democracy should prevail than that the other should triumph. Only some great vital issue, some question having a marrow of universal right, can unite these factions. It is by no means certain that such an issue can be raised during the next two years. That such an issue *will not* arise during that time would seem to be as morally certain as any future human event can be. It is not as we would have had it. It will wring many a heart to admit that the grand old party of human liberty is a thing of the past. But it is better that it should die of internal discord than of old age. It has had a stormy and eventful career, and it were far better it should perish by dissension than die of dry rot. One consolation every member of either faction may take to himself—the Republican party might commit *hari kari*, but no enemy was ever able to compass its destruction. The King is dead. We wait for what shall come after. If wisdom and patriotism prevail in the councils of the Democracy its opportunity has come. With seventy-four *per cent.* of a majority securely in its grasp in the states of the South, there is no apparent reason why its term of power should not be as long as that which its late adversary has just concluded by an act of self-destruction. Very few of either faction, it is probable, regard the result of the late election with entire satisfaction. The severance of established political associations is sure to bring regret. No friendships live longer than those which bind earnest-minded partisans to each other. The man who is intense enough to fight for an idea is sure to acquire an affection for his comrades in battle. Beyond this there is perhaps little to be regretted. When a party has no common underlying idea—no specific moral purpose to justify its future existence, very little harm can result from its death. "The Lord reigns, the government at Washington still lives," and the problems of the future await their solution at the hands of the American people, without regard to the specific agencies they may employ to carry their will into effect.

No one with a healthful appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art can read the article entitled "A Scottish Epic," in the present number of the *CONTINENT* without a sympathetic thrill of enthusiasm for the genius which out of the traditions of the Scotch border wove such romances as "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion" and "The Lord of the Isles." It is not improbable, perhaps, that there are reading people of the present generation to whom Loch Katrine and the Trossachs are an unknown land—crowded out of their field of vision, it may be, by the dime novel and the ceaseless pressure of contemporary literature. To such the charming pictures and the all-too-

brief quotations published on our opening pages may serve as an introduction to Sir Walter's poems. Lovers of fine engravings and press-work may thank Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. for the superb style in which "The Lady of the Lake" has been issued for the holidays. By their courtesy we are permitted to reproduce some of the illustrations from its fascinating pages.

How shall we learn the will of "the gods"? is a question which puzzles good Christians now-a-days, quite as much as it puzzled good pagans of old, though the term has acquired a far different significance. In modern speech, "the gods" are most familiar to play-goers, who, when thoughtfully inclined, not infrequently speculate on the seething mass of humanity that crowds the upper galleries at twenty-five cents ahead, wondering, during the performance, at its unstinted applause of virtue, and, between the acts, at its apparent total lack of that calmly-shining grace. Where these "gods" come from, what constituency they represent, and how their favor and support is to be secured, are problems which claim the attention of every one who caters to the popular taste. Merchants, lawyers, physicians and clergymen, as well as theatrical managers, have their respective galleries of "gods" to curry favor with, and none of them can afford to ignore the verdict of the wholly fearless audience that looks down from its higher plane upon the low level of their different stages. "He plays to the galleries," is not always regarded as a complimentary form of expression when applied to an actor, but, in reality, its reverse. "He ignores the galleries," is far less so. That man who, whatever be his calling in life, succeeds in winning the honest adherence of "the gods," is tolerably sure to be sound at bottom. In the long run, "the gods" recognize true merit. They may be deceived or misled for a while, but, in the end, they are sure to come out on the right side. Probably some politicians thought so in their secret hearts early last November. They are staunch friends, these "gods," and bitter foes, and upon their fiat rests the destiny of the Republic. Their dimes and quarters thrown into the scale against the millions of millionaires, would make the latter kick the beam in a twinkling. In one way or another they hold the world in their hands, and they have, now and then, a very positive and unanswerable way of showing it.

To the perennially fresh Sabbath question a new turn has lately been given by an article in *The Critic*, entitled, "A Sabbath for Brain-Workers," by Mr. Frank Stockton. The author's idea is that the Sunday of Christendom, or at least of American Christendom, is not restful for brain-workers. The man or woman who spends six working-days at a desk, is not rested by spending the seventh in church, school or prayer-meeting, with the alternative of sundry quiet hours in a chair or on a lounge at home. To the great majority, who in a thousand different ways use their muscles in gaining their daily bread, this physical rest and moderate mental exercise may be beneficial; but not so, the author thinks, to brain-workers, who ought to have a special day in the middle of the week for genuine recreation, each according to his tastes. Thus the Sabbatharians need not be offended, and the brain-workers aforesaid may have an equal chance with their more muscular brethren to enjoy the religious service of Sunday. Every one will recognize at a glance the utter impracticability of such a proposition, however advantageous the arrangement might be for those most directly interested. The paper is a pleasant one to read, but, in reality, it does not advance a single step beyond the old vexed questions of Sabbath observance. Although the author nominally frames his proposition with due consideration for the views and habits of the church-going part of the community, the plan falls to the ground of necessity from the very conditions of contemporary life. It would be far more practica-

ble to have the population divided arbitrarily into classes, giving each class, as it were, a ticket entitling its members to spend Sunday after a certain fashion. To be sure, this plan might savor of the indulgencies and dispensations of our Roman Catholic brethren, but what of that? It is not the first rule of church polity that Protestants have derived from this source. The real question is: "How can brain-workers rest on Sunday?" not "How can they get Wednesday or Thursday to rest in?" It is a question which no thoughtful or liberal-minded man will hastily answer. Even among clergymen it is only the stricter—not to say the bigoted—sort who prescribe attendance upon three services as essential to a Christian observance of the day. Many of them freely admit that to some of their parishioners such attendance must needs be irksome. It comes to this then: Sunday was instituted as a day of rest, and while it remains the lawful weekly holiday, it should be adaptable for the requirements of all. There is no need of searching far and wide for authorities. The founder of the Christian religion is on record: "The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath." In other words, the Sabbath is ordained for the brain-worker, just as well as for the muscle-worker, and each has an equal right to make it a day of rest. There may be brain-workers to whom the church affords rest and refreshment; there may be others who sit out the exercises only by sheer force of will. "Let every man," in the words of Paul, "be fully persuaded in his own mind."

Two spectres of formidable aspect meet with the Forty-seventh Congress for its short term, and no vote of either house can deny them the privilege of the floor. One of them is the memory of the "River and Harbor Bill," and the other the election returns for November. An outgoing Congress is not apt to do much honest work between December and March, but if any influence can induce good behavior surely these shades of the past may be trusted to play their parts effectually.

In these December days, when the mercury shrinks toward the lower numbers, many Northerners are thinking of "the warm washings of the Gulf," and will read with eager interest all that Mrs. Duffey has to say, with pen and pencil, of that enchanted land where, of old, Spanish adventurers thought they had found an Eldorado. We have more in keeping for them on the same subject.

BOOKS on European topics, of serious motive and of really permanent value, are not often written by American authors, and when written are not often published simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic, calling out full reviews in all the literary journals printed in the English tongue, and reaching a second American edition within six months of publication. For these, if for no other reasons, Mr. Dorsey Gardner's "Quatre Bras, Ligny and Waterloo,"¹ deserves all the attention it has received. The average reader, if asked whether the famous battle which terminated the successful career of Napoleon I has been exhaustively treated by historians, would probably suppress his amusement at the innocence of the question and reply that probably none of the world's great battles has been more voluminously written about. If, however, the seeker after knowledge be inclined to press his interrogatories, he may, without very much trouble, force his mentor to admit that the voluminousness is not all trustworthy. Captain William Siborne's "History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815," was in effect complete up to the date of its publication (1844), but since that time many new facts have come to light. Moreover,

(1) QUATRE BRAS, LIGNY AND WATERLOO. By Dorsey Gardner. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, pp. 615, \$3.00.

the author's literary style is such that a clear understanding of the campaign cannot be gained without much reference to works not readily accessible. Colonel C. C. Chesney's "Waterloo Lectures," General Sir James Shaw Kennedy's "Notes" and the personal narratives and reports published immediately after the battle, practically complete the list so far as English publications are concerned. Taken separately, none of them afford such information as is sought by the ordinary reader, and the work of comparison and deduction involves an amount of application usually too great for his inclination or opportunity.

Turning to French publications, the narratives of general repute or authority may be very shortly catalogued: "L'Histoire de la Campagne de 1815," by Lieutenant-Colonel Charras heads the list, and is of the highest value. Baron Jomini and Adolphe Thiers have added to the bulk of literature on the subject, but the amount of trustworthy information and inference in their respective works does not satisfy the impartial student; and after reading the thrilling passages of Victor Hugo and Erckmann-Chatrian he may well be at a loss to know where romance ends and history begins. In short, almost everything that is attainable about the campaign has been printed in one shape or another, but no one has heretofore thought it worth his while to collate and edit the disconnected narratives. Mr. Gardner has brought to bear upon this work a rare combination of taste, care and discrimination. The unprofessional reader may glance over in a few seconds a brief yet important foot-note which is the result of painstaking research extending over days. It is only the literary worker who knows what an amount of hard work is represented by those closely printed lines, which often contain the gist of the matter under consideration, but which are too frequently skipped by the careless reader.

Perhaps the most important historical passages of the work are those which ascribe the defeat of the French to an overmastering physical malady on the part of Napoleon, rather than to the generalship of Wellington, or the bravery of his troops, though these last are everywhere fully recognized and accredited. It is believed that the present work is the first published in English wherein the alleged illness of the Emperor is intelligently considered. To the discussion of this Mr. Gardner devotes several suggestive pages.

In a dispassionate study like this it is inevitable that many cherished Waterloo myths should vanish, and among these we must bid farewell to the "Old Guard" in its superb attitude of defiance, with Cambronne hurling his contemptuous execration at the victorious English. Gallantly did the Guard sustain its reputation in very truth during those gloomy twilight hours, but it was in a manner far other than that which has been generally accepted. For specific answers to these and a hundred other mooted questions as to this famous battle we must refer our readers to Mr. Gardner's pages, which are admirable, alike for clear and concise statement and for literary workmanship.

THE BOOK-SHELF.

MR. CHARLES READE has been writing a new play, the plot of which, though mentioned as having been drawn from one of his novels, is really entirely new, and is handled with all his old fire and vigor.

APROPPOS of an active discussion just now going the rounds of the papers, Mr. Whittier says that the family whose name gave him the title of "Maud Muller" were Hessians, and pronounced the name "Mul-ler."

ONE of the most attractive books for young people is to be found in "Wild Animals and Birds, Their Haunts and Habits," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, illustrated (pp. 192, \$3.00), a beautifully printed quarto, with many full page illustrations, issued by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.,

New York, whose work for children, as well as the grown-ups, is this year of special excellence.

WERE it not that the illustrations are decidedly inferior to the letter-press, Mr. George W. Holley's "The Falls of Niagara, With Supplementary Chapters on the Other Famous Cataracts of the World" (pp. 188, \$3.00), A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York, would rank among the most desirable gift-books of the season. It is of special interest in any case, being the only full story of the cataract on record, and worth owning for this reason alone.

MR. JOHN BRAYSHAW KAYE adds another to the list of venturesome verse writers, and in his "Songs of Lake Geneva and Other Poems" (pp. 200, \$1.25), G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, has shown the graceful fancy and delicate taste which distinguishes so much of the work of minor poets in this verse-making century. The power to hold his reader, presumably already a little wearied with other volumes of also pleasing verse, is lacking, strong vitality not being a portion of his gift. The volume is hardly likely to make itself enduring place.

A VERY delightful book for young people is to be found in "Norse Stories, Retold from the Eddas," by Hamilton W. Mabie (16mo, pp. 169, \$1.25), Roberts Brothers. Readers of the *Christian Union* will recognize many of the gracefully-told stories, which first appeared in its columns, and in the gleanings for which, Mr. Mabie has shown not only sound judgment but real poetic insight, which has rejected every element of coarseness and left only the vigor and strength of the Norse spirit, so truly given that a fresh sea wind blows on every page of the pretty volume.

AMONG smaller gift-books, two from Lee & Shepard are specially attractive. "That Glorious Song of Old," by Dr. E. H. Sears, being a poem almost as well known as "Nearer My God to Thee," issued by the same firm last year. The present volume is illustrated by Alfred Fredricks, the drawings being engraved by the best wood-engravers, under the supervision of George T. Andrew. They have also illustrated the always-popular poem, "The Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," and the low price of \$1.50 each, places the pretty volumes within the reach of even narrow purses.

A BOOK which will be of especial value to students of the Bible, in the family or in classes, is "Home Life in the Bible," by Henrietta Lee Palmer, two hundred and twenty illustrations (8vo, pp. 428, cloth \$3.50, half calf \$6.50), James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. So many books of this nature have been filled with cheap illustrations and inaccurate detail that it is an agreeable disappointment to find one intended for popular use, yet giving evidence on every page of long study and carefully-arranged and genuine information. The work has had the editorial supervision of the author's husband, Dr. J. W. Palmer, and deserves to take permanent place as an authority on all the manners and customs recorded in the Bible.

MR. TUCKERMAN's pleasant book, "A History of English Prose Fiction, from Sir Thomas Malory to George Eliot," by Bayard Tuckerman (12mo, pp. 331, \$1.50), G. P. Putnam's Sons, is a very unpretentious following out of the scheme indicated in the title. His purpose is "to trace the development of the modern novel in connection with the changes in popular manners and morals," and this has been accomplished with excellent success, notably in the middle period. The novelists of the present day have cause for complaint in the fact that not much more than names is given, but as another book would be required to enumerate the host, the author may be forgiven for his summary dealing.

If the present generation does not have a better idea of famous historical personages than the last, it will be because reading has been made too easy. Their elders who labored through Rollin and had small sense of the story of

the world, save as a mass of dates, are tempted into a new consideration, by just such volumes as the present number of "Heroes of History" series, by George M. Towle. "Drake, the Sea-King of Devon" (pp. 274, \$1.25), Lee & Shepard, Boston. No more stimulating and fascinating a present can be made a boy, who has small reason for turning to dime novels when these real heroes are to be known. If Mr. Towle's style were a trifle simpler there would be no need for anything but grateful appreciation.

If there is any unfilled gap in our literature it lies in the direction of humorous books. Not those of the professional humorist, which come at last to have a positively ghastly quality, but the quiet and calmly mirth-provoking ones, where one smiles unconsciously and turns back to find out why. It is this quality that gives a perennial charm to Charles Lamb, and it may be found in lesser degree in this latest addition to humoristic literature, "Under the Sun," by Phil. Robinson (pp. 366, \$1.50), Roberts Bros., Boston. Edwin Arnold acts as sponsor for the pleasant pages of these East Indian sketches, full, not only of an eighteenth-century charm, but of a grotesque and unexpected quaintness, more American than English, a delicious absurdity, yet where detail is concerned absolutely faithful.

THE "American Health Primers," published by P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia, have filled a place not before occupied, and with their real learning and common sense presentation of facts often unknown to even intelligent people, have done good work in popular education in such matters. In "Slight Ailments; their Causes, Nature and Treatment," by Lionel S. Beale, M. D., F. R. S. (pp. 283, 75 cents), a reprint from the English edition, the subjects are treated in the same clear and simple style, though with the more technical diction to be expected in lectures before a class of students. Quackery must become more and more a thing of the past when such knowledge as the present volume holds is more widely dispersed, and it would be true missionary work to scatter both this volume and the "Primers" broadcast.

A COMPLETE edition of the works of W. Gilmore Sims, in ten volumes at \$12.50 the set, or \$1.25 per volume, has been issued by A. C. Armstrong & Co., of New York; and though his popularity is like that of G. P. R. James, a little over past, his work marks the high tide of American fiction hardly twenty-five years ago, and will always have a certain interest for this reason, if no other. But Mr. Sims has some solid merits, even for to-day. If his long-drawn-out tales are sensational they are never otherwise than clean in spirit and purpose. He is often dramatic, and with pruning and study might have given far better work than anything accomplished by his pen. The present volume, "Vasconselos, A Romance of the New World," has in full the characteristics mentioned, and, when the low price is considered, is a remarkably well made up volume.

THE Harpers have just published a volume of Miss Mitford's correspondence, abounding in entertaining stories and bits of description, one of the most amusing being her version of Carlyle's conversation with James T. Fields concerning Washington:—"So, sir, ye're an American?" quoth the self-sufficient Scotchman. Mr. Fields assented. "Ah, that's a wretched nation of your ain. It's all wrong. It always has been wrong from the vera beginning. That grete mon of yours—George" (did any one under the sun ever dream of calling Washington *George* before?) "your grete mon George was a monstrous bore, and wants taking down a few hundred pegs." "Really, Mr. Carlyle," replied Mr. Fields, "you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected such an observation. Look at your own book on Cromwell! What was Washington but Cromwell without his personal ambition and without his fanaticism?" "Eh, sur," responded Carlyle, "George

had neither ambition nor religion, nor any good quality under the sun—George was just Oliver with all the juice squeezed out."

A STORY is told by M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in his "Empire of the Czars," which shows how far from happy is the lot of the Russian editor. The story is of an energetic "editor who was summoned by the local censor for having knocked him up at two o'clock in the morning, waking all the neighbors by the noise he made, and refusing to go away until he received leave to print a certain article to which the censor had objected. The disturbed official went forth into his balcony and reasoned with his tormentor. Finding that his remonstrances were ineffectual, he was at length obliged to admit the enraged editor, and finally to grant him the desired permission, though only under protest. The defendant, when called upon to account for his behavior, declared that he had availed himself of the only means in his power to extort from the censor the permission without which he could not carry on his paper, adding, 'Only think that we are obliged to obtain after this fashion three hundred and sixty-five authorizations every year!' In this case the editor was acquitted; but a few weeks later the paper for which he had struggled so persistently ceased to appear."

IN "Cape Cod Folks" Miss McLean, though giving some evidences of defective taste, showed certain qualities not always usual among even successful novelists, pathos and humor running side by side, and many of her descriptions being admirable both in feeling and execution. "Towhead: The Story of a Girl" (pp. 303, \$1.50), A. Williams & Co., Boston, has far less excuse for being. The title is we will not say vulgar, but at least infelicitous, and the story marked by the same traits, and so penetrated with Dickens' mannerisms that there are pages that seem Dickens himself. It is needless to say that there is often keen humor and very vivid bits of characterization. "Towhead" is left an orphan dependent upon the care of an aunt, who, dismayed by the unexpected and unaccustomed care, shifts it as speedily as possible to a family who will repress and train the exuberant tendencies of this irrepressible child, and then goes abroad. The actual facts result in a life which is full of mad absurdities at which the reader must smile, the school, especially, to which "Towhead" is finally sent being, in some points, very true to life; but for the most part it is exaggerated and a shabby piece of literary work, quite unworthy the best that Miss McLean has certainly power to give us, if she will but take more time and pains.

CHRISTMAS gives each year to the children more and more attractively made-up books, and A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York, are doing some excellent work in this direction. In "The Good Old Story of Cinderella, Retold in Rhyme" (pp. 48, \$2.50), by Lieutenant-Colonel Secombe, with seventy illustrations by the author, the elders will find even more amusement than the children, some of the drawings being full of drollery. "Folk and Fairy Tales," from the same firm, a collection translated by H. L. Bræksted from the Norwegian of P. Chr. Asbjørnsen (pp. 316, \$2.00), makes a beautiful volume, with numerous illustrations, and "Papa's Little Daughters," by the popular writer, Mrs. Mary D. Brine, is a gayly-covered, prettily-illustrated volume (pp. 256, \$1.50), coming from Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., who issue also one of the most charming children's books of the season, "A Moonbeam Tangle," by Sidney Shadbolt, illustrated with twenty-three drawings by Joseph Bligh (pp. 150, \$1.25). Mrs. Brine appears again in an oblong volume, daintily illustrated and a very charming gift book, "Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes" (pp. 124, \$2.25), George W. Harlan & Co., New York. The beautiful volumes of "St. Nicholas" (Century Company, New York), for 1882, are a storehouse in themselves, and the children are happy in the ownership of such work as is now lavished

upon them to such a degree that possible surfeit is the only thing to be dreaded.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CENTURY. Illustrated monthly magazine. May, 1882, to October, 1882. New Series. Vol. 11: pp. 966, \$2.50. The Century Co., New York.

ST. NICHOLAS. An illustrated magazine for young folks. Conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. 2 vols., pp. 966, \$4.00. The Century Co., New York.

CLAUDE'S CONFESSION. From the French of Zola. Pp. 290, \$1.00. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

TUNIS: THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE. By the Chevalier De Hesse-Warteg. Twenty-two illustrations, pp. 302, \$2.00. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

SKETCHING IN WATER COLORS. By Thomas Hatton. Art Hand Books. Pp. 69, 50 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

DRAWING IN BLACK AND WHITE. By Mrs. Susan N. Carter. Pp. 55, 50 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR. VIII. The Mississippi. By Francis Vinton Greene. Pp. 276, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ART AND NATURE IN ITALY. By Eugene Benson. Pp. 188, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

SONGS OF LAKE GENEVA AND OTHER POEMS. By John Brayshaw Kaye. Pp. 200, \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

QUATRE BRAS, LIGNY AND WATERLOO. By D. Gardner. Second American edition. Maps and plans. 8vo, pp. 538, \$5.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SCIENTIFIC.

A RECENT traveler in Norway describes an interesting phenomenon of natural complementary colors. About two miles above Ormeim, in the Romsdal, is the well-known Slettafos, an imposing cascade formed by the impetuous Rauma, which here plunges through a deep, rocky ravine. Fascinated by the scene, the traveler, who stood observing the foaming water attentively for some time, all at once noticed a most beautiful and delicate rosy pink tint coloring the foam and spray in the ravine. The water, when not broken up, was of a green color, and the pink tint was at once explained as its complementary. But the point of special interest was that this pink color was not visible except on those parts of the spray and foam which were in the shade of the gorge. In the full light these appeared, as usual, white. The result above described is an excellent illustration, afforded by nature herself, of the advantage of toning down the brightness of the white surface upon which we wish to evoke a complementary tint, until it no longer exceeds that of the exciting color, the green in this case.

AMONG the special features of the Munich Electrical Exhibition is a telephone transmitting thither pieces of music performed at Oberammergau, which is about sixty-three miles distant; also, a giant telephone, which transmits concert pieces performed in the English Café so as to be audible to the whole of an audience in a large hall at the palace. A special interest also attaches to the transmission of power by a single wire from the coal mines of Wiessbach, about thirty-seven miles distant, as the possibility of utilizing the heat of coal at a distance without transport of the coal is concerned.

IT might be supposed that the beautiful substance called rice paper was made of some part of the rice plant, but such is not the case; the name is quite misleading. It was early ascertained to be a vegetable substance, but the plant producing it was long unknown to botanists, and, on inquiry being made respecting it, fanciful figures and descriptions were given of it by the Chinese. Not long after the commerce of China was opened to Europe, it was ascertained that it came from the island of Formosa,

which led Sir John Bowring, then Governor of Hong Kong, to obtain plants from that island, one of which arrived safely at Kew in 1853, and flowered in 1855. It is a small tree of the ivy family, attaining a height of ten or twelve feet, with a stem three to four inches in diameter, the interior being full of white pith like that of the elder. It has soft, downy, palmate leaves, something like those of the plane tree, growing on long foot stalks, and produces a somewhat erect, panicked raceme of small flowers. The tree is cut down in order to obtain the pith, which averages, according to size, about one inch in diameter. It is divided into pieces about three inches in length, and by the aid of a lathe and the use of a sharp instrument is cut into very thin rolls and then becomes rice paper. It is extensively used by the Chinese for drawing figures of plants and animals, and also for making artificial flowers. The plant requires the protection of a green-house in this country, and propagates freely from suckers. It is now common in Australia and other countries.

M. TARNIER, the surgeon of the Maternity Hospital in Paris, struck by the great mortality among infants prematurely born and those which are very sickly after birth, has conceived the ingenious idea of constructing a box which is almost exactly similar to the incubators used for poultry. This box is divided into two compartments—the lower one being used as a reservoir for hot water, while the infant is placed in the upper one, which is well stuffed at the sides and fitted with a sliding glass cover. The temperature is maintained at 96° Fahr., and M. Tarnier has found that by keeping infants in the incubator for a period varying from two to six weeks, their vitality is enormously improved. He has made experiments upon five six-months children, six seven-months children, and thirteen eight-months children, and he has lost only two of them, whereas, according to his statement, three-fourths of them would have died but for this adventitious aid to vitality.

AS regards descriptive biology, by far the greater number of species now recorded have been named and described within the last century. A calculation has been made, the numbers, of course, only approximate, by which it appears that while the total number of animals described up to 1831 was not more than 70,000, the number now is at least 320,000. A large field still remains for exploration, for it is estimated that the British Museum alone contains not fewer than 12,000 species of insects which have not yet been described, while our collections do not probably contain anything like one-half of those actually in existence. Further than this, the anatomy and habits even of those which have been described offer an inexhaustible field for research, and it is not going too far to say that there is not a single species which would not amply repay the devotion of a lifetime. One remarkable feature in the modern progress of biological science has been the application of improved methods of observation and experiment, and the employment in physiological research of the exact measurements employed by the experimental physicist. Our microscopes have been greatly improved. The use of chemical re-agents in microscopical investigations has proved most instructive, and another very important method of investigation has been the power of obtaining very thin slices by imbedding the object to be examined in paraffin or some other soft substance. In this manner we can now obtain say fifty separate sections of the egg of a beetle or the brain of a bee.

ALL who are interested in the prosperity of the country will be pleased to know of the success which has attended the cultivation of a large sorghum plantation at Rio Grande, New Jersey. Within the last year one thousand

acres of apparently poor land at Rio Grande were planted and the sugar already made is 235,000 pounds; 15,000 gallons of molasses were also on hand October 12. The quality of the cane juice is said to be richer, and the sugar better in its degree of purity than the average of Louisiana sugar-cane. The company expects this year to clear \$53,000, and is so well pleased with the experiment that the acreage planted will be doubled. The committee appointed by the National Academy of Sciences last year to investigate sorghum experiments, have visited Rio Grande and are said to be greatly pleased with what they have seen.

A PAPER recently read gave an interesting account of the sterility of the Canada thistle at Yellow Springs, Ohio. Reference was made to the fact that many European weeds which were comparatively harmless in Europe became most unmitigated nuisances when transplanted to this country. The so-called Canada thistle was a European plant transplanted to America. In 1873 the writer noticed a small patch of Canada thistle in Southwestern Ohio, and was struck with its presence, as the plant was not to be found elsewhere in that part of the State. On inquiring he found it had sprung up in 1868, chance seed having come along with a bundle of nursery trees, tied up in straw, from Rochester, N. Y. He noticed that the patch did not appear to increase materially in size, even after several years had passed, and wondered at it, since thistle-down is carried so easily over country, sometimes over large bodies of water; at last he gathered the heads and examined them, and found no seeds. He later on examined the flower through the microscope. He found the stamens and pistils all right, but in the anther the cell was completely empty of pollen. Each flower showed the same condition. There being no pollen formed, no fertilization could take place and the thistle was sterile. Upon consultation with other botanists it was apparent that the female plant of the Canada thistle is entirely destitute of pollen, and the seeds dropped at Yellow Springs was productive of only female plants. In the thistle there is a male plant which bears pollen, and also a hermaphrodite plant productive of pollen as well.

AMONG the latest novelties in clocks is one kept in motion by the force of a current of air. This curious clock is at a railway station in Brussels. The weight is kept wound up by the action of a fan placed in a chimney. As soon as it approaches the extreme height of its course, it actuates a break which stops the fan. A simple pawl protects it from the effect of an accidental downward draft. It is not necessary that the air in the chimney should be heated.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

November 11.—In Dublin an attempt was made to assassinate Judge Lawson in the street.—Señor Figueras-y-Morcas, a prominent statesman of Spain, died.—The death is announced of Colonel Robert S. Williamson, United States Engineer Corps. . . Nov. 12.—At Frankfort, Ky., the Major Opera House was burned.—The Rev. Alvi Tabor Twing, D. D., died in New York, aged seventy-two years.—Queen Christina of Spain gave birth to a princess. . . Nov. 13.—The steamer *Westphalia*, bound for Hamburg from New York, ran into an unknown steamer off Beachy Head, England. The night was very dark. The unknown steamer disappeared. The *Westphalia* reached Portsmouth with great difficulty.—The Italian Court of Appeals decided that its jurisdiction extends within the walls of the Vatican.—Knickerbocker Block, Minneapolis, was burned.—George A. Osgood, a New York millionaire, died.—George Rose (known in literature as "Arthur Sketch-

ley") died in London. . . Nov. 14.—The Emperor of Germany opened the National Parliament at Berlin.—The National Academy of Sciences met in New York for its annual session. . . Nov. 15.—Pope Barrow was elected by the Georgia Legislature to serve the unexpired term of Benjamin H. Hill as United States Senator. Governor Colquitt was chosen for the Senatorial term beginning March 4.—Nine stores were burned in the business portion of Shubuta, Miss.—The business district of Riverton, Nebraska, was nearly destroyed by fire.—Dr. Johann Gottfried Kinkell, the German author, died at Zurich.—Professor Milliken, of Miami University, Ohio, died. . . Nov. 17.—The National Academy of Sciences adjourned its annual meeting.—An extraordinary electrical disturbance interrupted telegraphic communication all over the United States, and to a considerable extent in Europe.

THE DRAMA.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH has met with the most cordial appreciation throughout his tour in the British provinces. His receptions in the principal cities have been a series of ovations. Edinburgh proclaimed him one of the greatest actors by whom the city had ever been visited. In Glasgow he was forced to make a speech, and took occasion in it to pay a special compliment to the orchestra, which had played "The Star Spangled Banner" prior to the performance.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT will shortly sail from London for New York, and makes his first appearance about the holidays at the Boston Museum. During this engagement he will produce a new Irish play, by himself. It is surmised that he will visit San Francisco before he returns to England.

"SHAKESPEARE in the Closet and on the Stage," is the title of an essay, in writing which Mr. Henry Irving is occupying his leisure hours.

ANOTHER remarkable instance of the fact that the playwright's gifts are peculiarly separate and distinct from those of a writer possessing the power of dramatic construction in his works, is evidenced by the absolute failure of a play by England's Laureate, Alfred Tennyson, entitled "The Promise of May," lately produced at the Globe Theatre, London. The cast was admirable, the stage appointments of the best, but the play, both in theme and treatment, was condemned by an audience of the highest class, one of the boxes being occupied by Premier Gladstone and family.

PHILADELPHIA is being especially favored by Mr. Jefferson during his present engagement at the Arch Street Theatre in that city. He will appear for the first time in many years as "Dr. Ollapod," in "The Poor Gentleman," a comedy by Colman, the younger, written in 1802. The "Doctor" is an eccentric country apothecary, "a jumble of physis and shooting;" a scandal-monger and braggart; is mercenary and without principle. Mr. Jefferson has surrounded himself with a fine company, the name of Mrs. John Drew heading the list.

DURING December Miss Charlotte Thompson appears at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as "Jane Eyre," a rôle in which she has won fame and fortune. Messrs. Robson and Crane will, after this engagement, produce the "Comedy of Errors," these clever comedians appearing as the two "Dromios."

THE great composer Beethoven suffered the most extreme poverty in early life. The following pitiful letter has but lately been made public: "My dear Baron: You can confer an everlasting obligation upon me if you will let me have the use of one or two rooms in your house in Baden, since I imagine that you will have some to spare this year. I will, in return, gladly bind myself to compose anything you desire for your own purposes. The terrible increase in the cost of the necessities of life makes it unavoidable to trespass here and there upon the good nature of other persons, however unwilling we may be to presume in this way. I am obliged to go to Baden to-day, and cannot await your arrival. Please have the goodness to answer my request with a few lines saying frankly yes or no. I would be satisfied to occupy the apartment in which I remember that your secretary Philip lived. If you do me the honor to send a reply, I would beg of you to address it directly to Baden. Pardon my presumption, Herr Baron; I must rely upon present circumstances to excuse me in your estimation. Your most devoted servant, Ludwig von Beethoven. Vienna, Aug. 17."



I.—Smith was just thinking that even a rainy day may be made endurable by the possession of a good umbrella, when—

Rondeau.

"Declined with thanks." My endless stream
Of thought floats argosies that seem
But driftwood in another's sight,
Though armed for me with splendor, bright
Reflection of my spirits gleam.
Unconscious truth, flashed by a beam
Of genius into birth, do I esteem
My floating thoughts—Dashed from their height,
"Declined with thanks."

Deadly that tempest blast I deem
To Fancy's ships. Can I redeem
My bleeding soul from its dread night?
Aye, furl the sails and drift with night,
And write against Life's unliv'd dream,
"Declined with thanks."

H. C. F.

Adulteration.

ONE bright and glorious summer's night,
When earth, of moon's bewitching light
A goodly store did borrow,
Three house-flies on a window pane,
Loud buzzing, planned how they might gain
A feast upon the morrow.

"Well, I for one," the first fly said,
"Shall slake my thirst and dip my head
Within the milkman's measure."

"Far better yet," said number two,
"The sugar bowl I'll wander through
And feast at my good pleasure."

"All right, my friends," said number three,
"Since now I find we can't agree,
I'll light upon the table,
And there partake of varied food
(As every well-bred house-fly should),
As much as I am able."

"To-morrow night I'll here await
Your swift return; then we'll relate
Our day of joy or sorrow."

Their plans complete, their eyes they closed,
And on the window-sill reposed,
Impatient for the morrow.

Alas, poor flies! they hoped in vain;
They parted ne'er to meet again,
Recounting days of pleasure;
Instead of milk, to quench its thirst,
Of chalky mixture drank the first
From out the milkman's measure.

The sugar-bowl, for number two
Proved, sad to tell, disast'rous too—
Well may poor mortals tremble!
Rich marble-dust and silver-sand,
Sent this poor fly into that land
Where flies alone assemble.

The third, intent on suicide,
A dish of poison near him spied,
And drank the fatal potion.
But stay, your tears ye need not shed!
Adulterated poison—fed
And proved a soothing lotion.

A. M. SCHMIDT.



II.—he trod on that confounded orange-peel!!

Herbert Spencer is not the traveling correspondent of one of the English comic weeklies, although the inference is not unnatural, in view of some of his American notes.

Trewfit stopped his paper, which was the organ of the Republican party, on the day after the election. He says that the more stops an organ has the more valuable it becomes as an instrument.

A swell New Yorker has a curious finger ring with the ten commandments engraved on it in such small characters that they can only be read with the aid of a microscope. People who know him well are of the opinion that he has lost the microscope.—*Philadelphia News*.

Matrimonial Advertisement: "Wanted—a helpmate who shall be a companion of my heart, my head, and my lot." One of the answers: "I don't care anything about your head or your heart, but would like to know the size and location of the lot before continuing the correspondence."